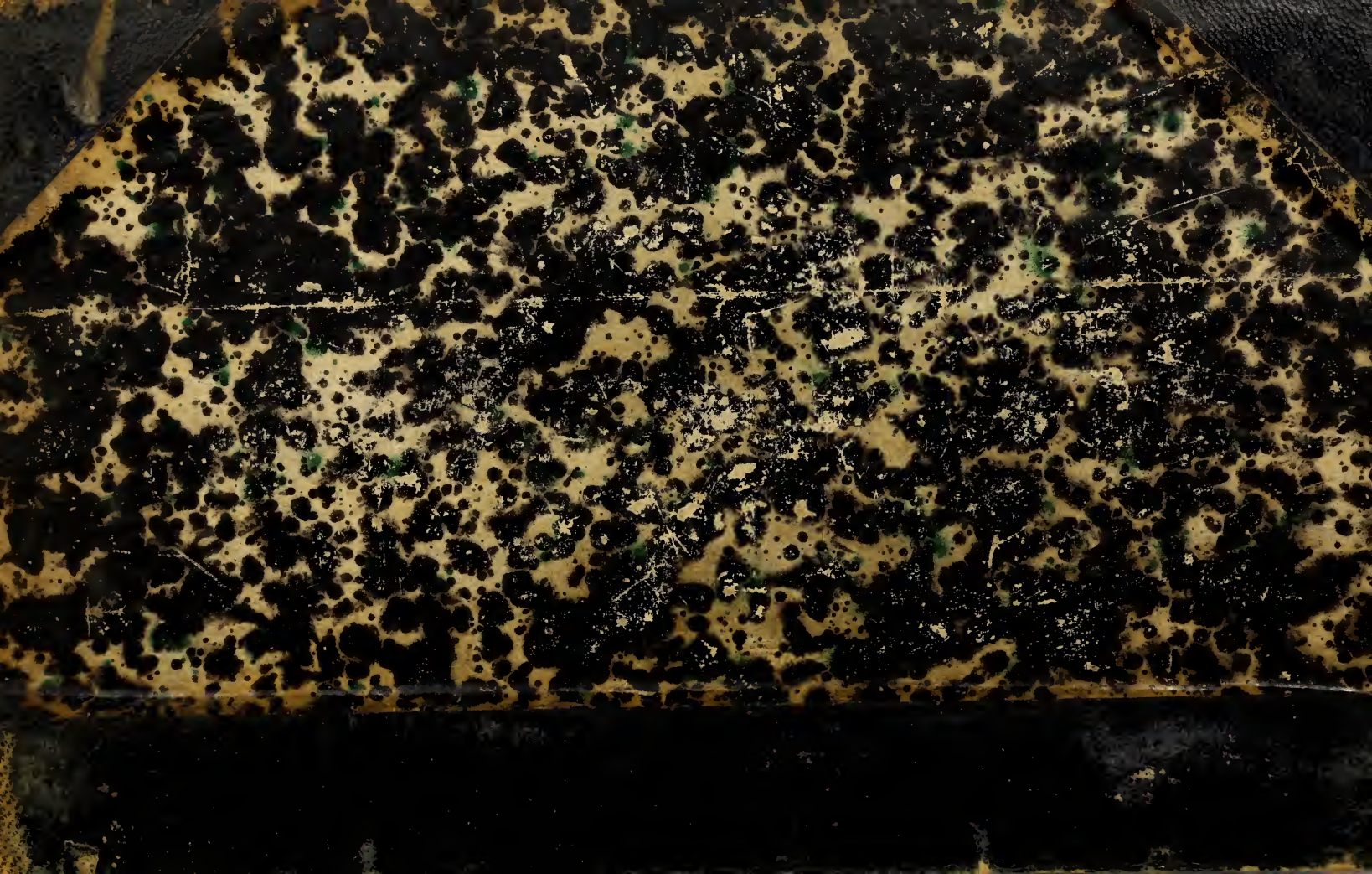

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# WOODSTOCK LETTERS,

A RECORD

*Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus in North and South America.*

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VOL. I.

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WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,
1872.

*Printed for private circulation only.*

ST JOSEPH'S—PHILADELPHIA. 1776.

# WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. II., No. 2.

## ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

PART FIRST.

[*Continued.*]

Father Greaton's choice is not so much to be wondered at. The intolerance of the colonists necessitated a retired situation. His prudent foresight foresaw it would soon be a most eligible position. In fact, for nearly a century after, it was in the very heart of West-end-dom, with its upper ten thousand. To the North and East were the commodious residences of the wealthy Friends, who knew the true value of an Irish Catholic servant; while to the South and West stood, in the early days of the Republic, the mansions of the foreign ambassadors, whose numerous domestics were the Fathers' frequent penitents. Within a quarter of a mile was the First President's House, and he who consid-

ered it no idolatry to have a full length painting of Mary Immaculate hanging at the head of his bed, saying to a future Archbishop of Baltimore, the Most Rev. Ambrose Maréchal, D. D., "I cannot love the Son without honoring the Mother,"* no doubt often directed his steps to "the little church down the alley." My venerable friend, Mrs. Baker, had spoken to me of this picture as well as of one, a life sized Good Shepherd, full twenty years before an aged brother in religion related to me the anecdote of the Archbishop. She also told how she had received many a courtly bow from the "Father of his Country" as he came from the "chapel" or the Priest's house. It was the proper position for a church, far enough from the Blue Anchor Tavern to escape the bustle of commerce and trade, and yet within easy access of the few families which formed its first congregation. As in 1844 the valuable property which surrounded it saved it from the incendiary's torch, so, no doubt, in 1744, its contiguity to the Quakers' Alms-House was its great protection.

Father Joseph Greaton, according to the most reliable data, was, as has been stated above, a native of Devonshire, England, though some, who give his name Josiah Creaton, claim him as a native of Connaught in Ireland.† He was born in the year 1680, studied on the continent, and entered the Society of Jesus, as a priest, July 5th, 1708. His vows as a professed Father, were pronounced on the feast of St Dominic, August 4th, 1719. He had more than once visited different parts of Pennsylvania and the Colony of Philadelphia, previous to his being stationed in the rectangular City. He appears to have been a man of great energy of character, laboring faithfully throughout the three states

* Archbishop Marechal's account to the Fathers at Georgetown.

† Among the memoranda collected by Fr. Barbelin was a letter from a lady friend, in Boston, to Father Joseph Greaton, in which she speaks of his father's beautiful place at Ilfracombe, near the magnificent headlands that skirt the Bristol Channel.

of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. About the time of his profession, he came into his patrimony, and contrary to the custom prevailing in our Society, he was granted permission to use his money for missionary purposes. It was with this money he purchased the grounds on the Nicetown Road, in other places in the City and State, and it was with Father Greaton's money that Father Harding, at a later period, procured a large lot of ground in Fourth Street above Spruce extending back to Fifth Street, and built the original St. Mary's Church, no appeal having been made to the faithful, and no grant having been obtained from the Proprietor. In 1750, he was recalled to Maryland, and on the 19th of September, 1753, died at our Residence at Bohemia Landing.

Father Greaton during his eighteen years' pastorship, always claimed to be a citizen of Philadelphia, and in his will called himself 'of Philadelphia.' This will bears date September 2nd, 1749. He devised all his worldly goods to his friend Robert Harding, of Philadelphia, gentleman: in the case of the death of Robert Harding before himself, to Robert Digges, of Prince George County, Maryland: the executor to be Mr. Harding or Mr. Digges. The witnesses to the will were Rev. Theodore Schneider, John Dixon and Patrick Carrol. This "last will and testament of Joseph Greaton" was proved in August of 1753.

Ten years before his removal Father Greaton's labors became so heavy as to call for an assistant, and the Rev. Henry Neale, S. J., who had come to this country from England in 1740, as a missionary, was on the 21st of April, 1741, appointed to St. Joseph's as colaborer with Father Greaton. He found the people living in a more luxurious manner than he had supposed; and having nothing but the allowance made him in England, in a letter to his superior written four days after his arrival in Philadelphia, April 25th, he says; "I find things otherwise than represented in England, I mean as regards a competent maintenance of

one in my station, for an annuity of £20, only, will not suffice." Father Henry Neale was an Englishman by birth, though related to the Maryland family of that name. He was born in 1702, entered the Society in 1724, and was professed in 1743.

In 1747, Father Henry Neale bought from the Proprietors of Pennsylvania, for the sum of £25, one hundred and twenty-one acres of land, at Goshenhoppen, now called "Churchville, Colebrookdale," Berks Co. This was increased in 1748, by three hundred and seventy three acres purchased by Father Greaton for the sum of £51. It was about this time that he, Father Greaton, bought "Pigeon hills," Adams Co., afterwards the site of the Little Seminary of the Sulpicians. Father Henry Neale's duties were onerous, and he died in Pennsylvania, on May 5th, 1748, leaving Father Greaton again alone in his charge of St. Joseph's, being occasionally assisted by Father Robert Harding, and Father Theodore Schneider, until his recall to Maryland.

Father Robert Harding, a native of England, who had arrived in this country in 1732, and had labored in Maryland and occasionally in Pennsylvania, was, upon the recall of Father Greaton, in 1750, appointed his successor at St. Joseph's. Father Theodore Schneider who was born in Bavaria in 1703, entering the Society in his eighteenth year, 1721, had, in 1741, founded the mission of Goshenhoppen, and in 1748 built the first chapel of the "Most Blessed Sacrament" on "the Goshenhoppen Farm." Father Schneider was a man of erudition, having professed Philosophy at Liege, and been Rector Magnificus at Heidelberg. For a short while, in his early labors at Goshenhoppen, he was assisted by Father William Wapeler, a native of Westphalia, born in 1711. He entered the Society in 1728, and in 1741 founded the mission at Conewago, Adams Co., Penna. Father Schneider visited Philadelphia, monthly, to assist Father Harding, and confess the Germans.

About this time, 1757, the original Chapel of St. Joseph's was lawfully and peacefully razed to the ground, to make room for an enlarged structure sixty by forty feet running East and West, the increase in the congregation rendering this enlargement necessary. In April of this year, Father Harding gave to the Provincial authorities an account of the members of his congregation. Of those over twelve years, who had made their first communion, there were seventy-eight females and seventy-two males, mostly Irish. The congregation of Father Schneider, consisted of one hundred and seven males and one hundred and twenty-one females, all Germans.

In the early part of 1759, Father Ferdinand Steinmeyer, assumed name Farmer, born in Swabia, Germany, Oct. 13, 1720, and who had entered the Society of Jesus at Landespergen, Sept. 26, 1743, was sent to St. Joseph's. Besides assisting Father Harding in the care of his congregation, Father Farmer journeyed throughout Pennsylvania, and New Jersey and New York (then called New Cæsarea), instructing, confessing, baptizing, anointing and celebrating the Dread Sacrifice. Every month, on horse-back, he visited New York, and so great were his labors there that he gained the grateful veneration of all the Catholics and was by them viewed as the real Apostle of the Faith in that city. When Father Carroll, afterwards the first Bishop, became superior of the American missions, he appointed Father Farmer, Vicar of New York, which he governed from St. Joseph's. It was just previous to one of his monthly visits to New York, that he was attacked by his last sickness, still he made, on horse-back, that journey of nearly a hundred miles, and returned on May the 7th, 1785, to linger until August, 1786, when he died. In our congregation are two maiden ladies of advanced age,* whose mother was one of Father Farmer's converts, and who treasure, among

* The Misses Ann and Eliza Corcoran.

their most prized possessions, a little table presented by the holy Jesuit.

In the meanwhile, Father Harding was not idle at old St. Joseph's. He instructed the faithful and buried his beloved dead in the little "God's Acre" west of the Church, whose humble mounds were shaded by two gigantic Walnut trees. It was rather the increasing demand for resting places for those who "sleep in the Lord," than the increased number of those "fighting the combat" that induced Father Harding, in 1763, to employ the money of Father Greaton in purchasing "St. Mary's Burying Ground" and building that Church, which in 1810 was enlarged to its present noble dimensions. Father Harding also assisted Father Farmer in his missionary duties and so arduous were his labors that he died at St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, on the 1st of September, 1771, beloved by all and keenly, bitterly and affectionately remembered.

Father Harding's successor in the pastorate of Saints Joseph's and Mary's was Rev. John Lewis, S. J., a native of England, who was soon recalled to Maryland, where he afterwards became Superior, and in 1783 presided at two meetings of the Missionaries of America.

The early Pastors of St. Joseph's were most careful in preserving the records of their baptisms and marriages. Those of Fathers Greaton, Henry Neale, and those of Father Harding, excepting such as are entered in the Registry of Father Farmer are lost. They were lent to some one seeking data for an Ecclesiastical work and never returned. This is a great pity, as they, no doubt, would throw much light on the earliest years of St. Joseph's.

Father Farmer's registries, however, are complete and in good preservation. They date from the 27th of August, 1758, and come down to within a fortnight of his death. They are written in a clear, legible hand, remarkable for their neatness—short, concise, in small books that have been carried thousands of miles, in the very heart of a hostile

army, during the darkest hours of our Country's strife. These records furnish matter for much interesting study.

The Baptism registry begins without any heading with this entry. "1758. Philadelphia. 17 September: *Jacobus* natus 14 Aug. huj. anni ex Josepho Kaufman Cath. & Anna Cathar. Prot. legitimis Conjugibus, Patrinis Joañe Gatringer & Catharina Spenglerin, Cath'cis." and ends with "1786, Philadelphia. Juli 30. *Joan. Nicolaus* natus 13 April h. a. ex Caspar Albert & Aña. P. Nicolao Steiner & Margaretha Hedinga C'is."

It was not long after his arrival that Father Farmer started out on his missionary excursions. As early as the beginning of November, we find him in Delaware County at Concord, or more properly speaking, at Ivy Mills—: "in Concord d. 5 Nov. *Maria* nata 13, Maji, a. 1756, ex David Lewis Pr. & Ida l. c. ut suppono. Patrinis Jacobo Willcox & Elizabetha Willcox Cath'cis."

This baptism took place in the chapel attached to the mansion of Mr. James Willcox, where mass has been offered as early as 1758, and where mass has continued to be offered up, from time to time until the building of the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle at Ivy Mills. Contiguous to this residence is a grave-yard containing many an ancient grave. The present head of this eminently Catholic family is Mark Willcox, Esqr., Proprietor of the "Catholic Standard," official organ of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the Diocese.

De Courcy, in his work, "The Catholic Church in the United States," is very inaccurate in his dates, as I think I will later have occasion to show, and, I fear he is sometimes ill-informed as to his facts. Speaking of Fr. Farmer, he says: "The Revolution, which made New Jersey the battle-field between the contending armies, interrupted his visits."*

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* De Courcy—p. 496.

On August 30th, 1776, the American Army retreated from Long Island: from that time until June the 18th, 1778, New Jersey was occupied either by the Royal or Provincial troops. In Father Farmer's Registry we find this entry: "1776 in N. Caesar. Oct. 16 *Catharina*, nata 27. Sept. h. a. ex Joanne Ells & Anna Eliz, l. c. c. P. Conrad Philipps c. pro Jno. Willhelmo Schaffer c." October 17th, he was at Change Water, Oct. 20th at Mount Hope, Oct. 22nd at Charlottenburg, 26th at Long-Pond. At all these places, he offered up the ever-adorable "God of Peace," gave instructions on true patriotism, and baptized from one to ten infants or youths. The retreating Provincials, at this time, occupied all these places. On the 12th of December, he was back in Philadelphia, and we may imagine the feeling of this staunch lover of civil liberty, when Congress was obliged to retire from the City where the Declaration of Independence had been signed and proclaimed. On the 26th of September, 1777, General Howe occupied Philadelphia, but Father Farmer who could penetrate the American Army while besieging New York, was not afraid, and, while the hostile armies were exchanging leaden compliments, within hearing, at Chew's, near Germantown, the fearless Priest was quietly engaged at St. Joseph's making Christians of three little girls and one little boy, babies. As long as the British occupied Philadelphia, Father Farmer's labors were restricted to Philadelphia and its immediate neighborhood but when they evacuated the City, followed by Washington and his brave followers, among whom was the "Irish Brigade" raised, in great measure, by the persuasive words of a Molyneux and a Farmer, we find that by August 25th, he is already in Goshen, Orange Co., N. Y., and back again by the beginning of September to Salem and Gloucester in New Jersey, and then without rest, that he returns before the end of the month to Mount Hope, to Charlottenburg, to Long Pond, to Hunterdon—surely he should belong to the 'Light Artillery'! And so on to the end. The warlike

throes of a great Nation's birth did not prevent immortal souls from making their entrance into this world and immortal souls from taking their exit, and where there was joy and where there was grief, Father Farmer felt that there he should be.

Father Farmer's Marriage Registries are also deserving of notice. The headings, each announced the standing of the priest. The first, begun in 1758, at his first arrival in Philadelphia, reads: "Sequentes, ego Ferdinandus Farmer Soc. Jesu Missionarius, interrogavi, eorumque mutuo consensu habito, solemniter per verba de praesenti Matrimonio conjunxi." The second, begun in 1769, has this heading: "Sequentes, ego Ferdinandus Farmer Soc. Jesu (usque ad dissolutionem ejusdem) Presbyter & Missionarius, interrogavi, eorumque mutuo consensu habito, solemniter per verba de praesenti Matrimonio conjunxi." The words in brackets were inserted after the suppression of our Society. How happy would this good Jesuit have been if he could have died *again*, the subject *in the Society* of his esteemed friend Father Molyneux. His third registry shows his position to be what the world would consider more exalted, but which, I am sure, he valued not near as much, as that of the humble Jesuit priest. It begins: "Sequentes, ego Ferdinandus Farmer Sacerdos & Missionarius Apost., interrogavi, eorumque mutuo consensu habito, per verba de praesenti solemniter Matrimonio conjunxi."

From these registries may be formed some slight idea of the stupendous amount of labor performed by this saintly missionary, though we cannot form any accurate notion of the baptisms and marriages performed by him, as all are not inscribed in the registry in our possession; many having been written in a registry kept in New York, as appears from a memorandum in his Baptismal registry.* The Bishop of Newark, the Right Reverend James Roosevelt Bayley,

* Baptismal Registry p. 11

(at present, 1873, Archbishop of Baltimore) in his "Brief Sketch", speaks of his having visited Macoupin twice a year; I can find but one record of a baptism at Macoupin. The Bishop speaks of Geiger's being near Macoupin. I am inclined to think that it was in Geiger's house that the monthly mass was offered up in New York City. We are told that he visited that City every month; almost every month we find marriages and baptisms recorded as performed at Geiger's, and these marriages are generally preceded by the 'three denunciations', as Father Farmer naïvely styles what we more politely call 'proclamations'. In a memorandum, immediately after a record at Geiger's, he speaks of "walking to Wall Street." The record of the first baptism performed at Geiger's reads: "1759. In domo Matt. Geiger, 15 Mart., *Anna Maria* nata 20 December 1758 ex Martino Holder et Margaretha l. c. c., Patrinis Philippo Jacobi et Susanna Geigerin, Cath'cis."

In the same year we find the first recorded baptism of a catholic slave. "Philad. d. 25 Jul. Thomas, niger Jeremiae Savage. Patrina, Bridget Savage. ceremoniae supplendae usque ad Chrism."

In May, 1761, he commenced the missions at "Glass-house" north of New York City. "Glass-house: N. Y. d. 14 Maji *Joannes Adam*, natus 27 April h. a. ex Jo. Wilhelmo Wentzel, Cath. et Anna Maria Pr. L. C. Patrinis, Joañe Adamo Geiger, Cath. et Aña Aberhin, Pr." This baptism presents the novelty of a Protestant Godmother. In this same year we find him marrying ten couples, poor exiles from Acadia. In 1762, he begins in the house of Thomas M'Guire, the mission of Chester, which can now boast its St. Michael's Church, with two pastors. In 1765, he founds the missions of Pikesland, Ringwood and Haycock, Bucks Co., and Mary Fagan was the first christian baptized in the congregation of St. John the Baptist. In 1766. "Bascanridge": in 1767, "Gothland"; in 1768, "Charlottenburg" and "Reading-Furnace," are visited and congre-

gations formed. This year he baptized one hundred and ten.

In 1771, Pilesgrove mission is begun; in 1772, Long-Pond; in the latter part of the same year Cohanzey, in central New York; in 1774, New Hope, and also one in Sussex Co., in north western New Jersey, and Challosberg, in Essex Co.

Father Farmer, like his co-laborer Father Molyneux, was a staunch republican. He was present at Philadelphia on the glorious 4th of July, 1776, and although elated as only the true friends of the up-rising colonies could be elated, he did not neglect his priestly functions. In his marriage registry we read: "1776. Philadelphia, Julii 4 (cum Lic. Praes.) *Jacobum Welsh*, viduum, et *Honoram Mullarkey*, puellam, ambos Cath. ex hac missione. Praes. T. Dionysio Dougherty et Edwardo Cavenaugh, (q.)"

Frequently had Father Farmer visited Burlington, New Jersey, many a time had he confessed the Irish who, from time to time, had resided there; but our "Friends" had kept away the "scandal of a Baptism" until the middle of 1776. "In Com. Burlington. Jun. 18 *Joannes* natus 19. Aug. 1775 ex Wilhelmo Egan et Eleonora L. c. c. P. Patricio Kearns et Margaretha Scot Cath'cis." Having gained an entrance into the fortress of Jersey Quakerdom, Pennsylvania's citadel was soon surmounted: "Prope Bristol, Aug. 22. *Maria Jessop*, juncta Thomae Martin c. P. Susanna Shaw. c. id. cod. Aug. 22. *Richardus*, natus Dec. 1770, *Anna* nata 18 Aug. 1773. *Laurentius*, natus 10 Nov. 1775, omnes tres ex Thoma Martin et Maria L. c. c. P. Daniele Shaw. Joanne Magonigel et Jacobo Robinson Cath'cis."

The first time the famous municipality of Kensington appears in these records is "1776, Kensington. *Ioannes*, natus 28 Dec. 1775, ex Joañe Rittisheime et Catharina L. c. c. P. Laurentio Connor C. q. *Anna Catharina* nata 7 Mart. h. a. ex iisdem. M. Juliana Abteri C." Neither Father Farmer in 1775, nor Rev. Terence Donahue, when in 1833, he,

from St. Joseph's, built St. Michael's Church, dreamed that this portion of the city would, in 1872, contain eight churches, namely, St. Michael's, St. Peter's, St. Ann's, St. Bonifacius', the Church of the Immaculate Conception, St. Dominic's, St. Joachim's and St. Veronica's.

The same year he opened a mission at Whiteland, west of New York City. In 1778, he began at Goshen, Orange Co., New York, the congregation that now worships in St. John's Church; at Salem, in lower New Jersey, the congregation of St. Mary's, and in Gloucester, N. J., another St. Mary's. In 1781, he founds the missions of Deerfield, Woodstown and Greenwich in New York State—visits Fishkill, Dutchess Co., the site of the present Church of "Our Lady of the Rosary," where in four days he baptizes fourteen and gives conditional baptism to six. In 1785, we find him in the neighborhood of Newark, the episcopal city of the diocese of Newark. "1785. Prope Newark. Oct. 3. *Sara* nata 1780, ex Henrico Foy c. et Sara L. c. P. Jacobo Weisenburger." The next day he founds the mission at West Hoboken and West Highland. In 1786, the last year of his eventful life, he founded the congregation of St. Stephen's, Warwick, Orange Co., New York, where he baptized seven.

Within three weeks of his death, this holy laborious missionary, who was accustomed to travel on horseback many thousands of miles each year, gathering into the fold the scattered sheep of the Shepherd, was, through weakness, no longer able to leave the house, but he could baptize and, within a few days of his departure to his eternal home, he crept down stairs to unite in the irrepealable bonds of holy matrimony two of his spiritual children, who had come more than a hundred miles to gain his blessing.

At the end of the third Marriage Registry of Father Farmer we read, in the hand-writing of Father Molyneux, these sorrowful, yet glorious, words: Hoc anno obiit piæ memoriæ R. Pater Ferdinandus Farmer, alias Steinmeyer,

17 die Augusti. Requiescat in pace. Amen.*

Father Farmer was tall and upright, of a ruddy, pleasing countenance, graceful in manner and fluent in conversation, full of *bonhomie* and anecdotes. A frequent and welcome guest at the table of catholics and protestants, partaking moderately of the good things placed before him, not unfrequently called from the hospitable board of some wealthy citizen to anoint the dying or advise the doubting, and always leaving a void behind him. In his disposition he was gentle, like his Model, but showing by the bright flash of his light grey eye, that he could feel for his Master's honor and defend His cause. He was a philosopher and astronomer, intimate with the literati of his day, and, in 1779, one of the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, soon to be Philadelphia's pride.†

Father Lewis, having been recalled to Maryland, was succeeded by Father Robert Molyneux (English not French pronunciation). Father Molyneux, like all his predecessors, was an Englishman by birth, having been born in Lancashire, June 24, 1738, and happily admitted into the Society of Jesus, in 1757. His was an eventful life, his it was to instruct the first Archbishop of Baltimore in Philosophy, his it was, while at St. Joseph's, to receive a copy of Bishop Challoner's letter informing the Fathers in England of the suppression of the Society of Jesus: his it was to direct St. Joseph's congregation when it no longer made a man a pariah to be a Catholic, but even a Quaker thought catholic influence of sufficient importance to be courted,— in the early days of the Revolutionary struggle. Father Molyneux was pastor, with Father Farmer as assistant, during the whole Revolutionary War, and in 1781, when a solemn service of Thanksgiving was offerred to Almighty God for the assistance rendered by France to the

* Third Registry. p. 125.

† The description given by Mrs. Corcoran, for many years his penitent.

struggling Colonies. I have seen it stated, that Washington was present on that occasion, but I can find no authority for the statement, but tradition. Abbé Bandol, Chaplain to the French Minister, preached on the occasion.

In Father Farmer's Registry there is recorded a marriage blessed by this distinguished French clergyman. "1782 Philadelphia, Novembris vigesimo quarto, *Nicholaum Perree*, oriundum de Grandville in Normandia, solutum, & *Annam Butler*, filiam Thomae Butler & Bridgitae Bennis, conjugum, oriundam de Limerico in Hibernia. Praesentibus testibus notis qui subscripserunt

Témoins { L'Abbé Bandol, aumonier de son Excellence le Ministre de France, N. Perrée.
Joseph Marino, Charles Carre. Ann Butler."*

In a slip of old paper, I accidentally found in an Atlas, the title and date of said paper being unknown, it was stated that on Thursday, the 1st. of March, 1781—the day of the final ratification of the alliance and perpetual union of the States, "the Romish Church of St. Joseph's, back of Walnut Street was splendidly illuminated, in the afternoon; a solemn '*Te*' Deum being chanted: the venerable Ferdinand Farmer being the celebrant, assisted by Rev. Robert Molyneux. M. de Luzerne, Minister of the King of France, with his suite was present."

The 25th. of August of same year—the birth day of the King of France, Louis XVI. was celebrated at St. Joseph's with much pomp. The French Minister was present at mass, his musicians accompanying the organ, and some of the gentlemen of his household singing. L' Abbé Bandol was celebrant and Father Molyneux, the Orator of the day.

Shortly after the death of Father Farmer, at the beginning of the year 1787, Father Molyneux began a new Marriage Registry. It is written with much care. Its title-page reads:

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* Second Marriage Registry—1782.

LIBER MATRIMONIORUM,
AB ANNO 1787
AD ANNUM 1799,
INCLUSIVE.

Quod Deus conjunxit, homo non separet. Matth: 19—6. What God hath joined together let not man put asunder. Qui bene eruditi sunt in fide catholicâ, noverunt quod Deus fecerit nuptias: et sicut conjunctio a Deo, ita divortium a diabolo sit. The instructed Catholic knows *God* to be the author of Marriage: and as the knot is tied by *God*, so it is loosed only by the devil.

St. Aug. Tr. 9. in *Joan.*

Then follow twenty-five pages of the index, after which we have a second title-page. Father Molyneux was exceedingly stout, which caused him to remain much at home. Father Farmer could have hardly found time to ornament the books that accompanied him on so many thousand miles of hard riding. Aftert his index Father M. begins again thus:

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM.

*SEQUENTES*

*Interrogati, eorumque mutuo consensu habito, per verba de præsenti solemniter matrimonio conjuncti sunt a Missionariis*
*CATHOLICIS PHILADELPHIÆ*

| | |
|---|---|
| Philadelphiæ Jan. 10. | A. Rev. Rob. Molyneux, tribus præmissis promulgationibus, Hugo M'Kinley C. et Catharina Quick Pr. —Præsentibus testibus Gul. M'Dermott, Sam. Harrison. |

Father Molyneux remained at St. Joseph's only one year after so elaborately commencing this Registry. He was withdrawn by his former pupil, Father John Carroll, at the end of February, 1788.

During his pastorship he was by no means idle in the work of his Master, though it was while he was pastor of St. Joseph's, that began the scattering of the land and property bought by Fathers Greaton, Neale and Harding, most of which, during the interregnum of 1800—1834 passed into other hands. In Father Molyneux' private registry we find this memorandum: "Robertus Molyneux 1775—1. Maii. Mem. To speak to Mr. Cauffman, to sign over a warrant for the land in Pigeon Hills to Mr. Lewis." Almost immediately after the suppression of the Society, the purchases of Father Greaton began to pass to others.

The cessation of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain was proclaimed by General Washington, on April 19, 1783. Before this, Father Molyneux, remembering the importance of educating the young for heaven, while their minds are being prepared for the duties of life, had his Parochial School erected. Then, as now, our schools had to be supported by the offerings of the faithful. In the early part of 1783, we find this account:

"Rec'd. by Robt. Molyneux, for the School :"

| | | £. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| from | Alex. Rogers, pd. | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| | Felix McKernon, pd. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Subs'd. | Owen Garrigan, on Dr. Kennedy's place, pd. | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| | Lent him a catechism. | | | |
| Ditto. | John Cornely, pd. | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| | Daniel Fitzpatrick, pd. | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| | Jeremiah Sullivan, pd. | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| | Capt. John Walsh, pd. | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| | Patrick Crogan, pd. | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| | Monsr. Rendon, Spanish Agent, pd. | 11 | 5 | 0 |
| | Capt. Baxter's wife, pd. | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| | Felix McKernon, pd.* | 5 | 2 | 6 |
| | John Tracy, pd. | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| | Charles De Costes, pd. | 3 g. | 0 | 0 |
| | | $5 | 0 | 0 |
| | Honor Lee, pd.† | 3 | 0 | 0 |

*Probably by individual collections. †Loose sheets Fr. M's Reg. Pag. 7.

During the suppression of the Society, this school-house, afterwards the first Ecclesiastical Seminary of the Diocese of Philadelphia, passed into the hands of trustees, when St. Mary's Church was incorporated by the Legislature, and trustees appointed, in 1788.

The opening of a Catholic school (it cannot properly be styled a Parochial School, as there was but one parish in the city and county at the time), soon necessitated the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation. The children and adults having been prepared by Fathers Molyneux and Farmer, the Sacrament was administered, for the first time in this country, in 1784, by Rev. Father John Carroll, Ecclesiastical Superior of the Missions.

It is not improbable that Bishop Carroll not unfrequently visited Philadelphia; though I find but one record of his. "1794, Oct 23. Matrimonio junxi *Mauritium Neagle* et *Susannam Taylor* utrumque Catholicum.

Joannes Epis. Baltrsis.

Testes fuere

Wm. M'Cormick, Patrick Whelan, Mary O'Donnell."

In 1788, Father Robert Molyneux was recalled to Maryland, where in 1806, with Rev. Charles Neale, Rev. Charles Sewell and Rev. Sylvester Boarman, former missionaries of the Society of Jesus, he petitioned Pius VII. for permission to form anew the Society in America. Bishop Carroll had already in 1803 written to Father Gruber, the Superior in Russia, begging him to readmit the Fathers living in the United States. The Holy Father having referred the petition to Father Gruber, he gave the necessary authority, and the Fathers mentioned above renewed their vows to Father Molyneux, who had been appointed Superior. Father Molyneux was twice President of Georgetown College, time and again refused the offer of the Coadjutorship of Baltimore, and died, Dec. 9, 1808. His remains, if I mistake not, were the first laid in "the lowly valley of the dead" at Georgetown College.

With the departure of Father Molyneux, St. Joseph's passed from the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, although until the removal of Father Leonard Neale, towards the end of 1799, at least one of the Fathers of the old Society was to be found at this venerable Church.

Upon the death of Father Farmer, Rev. Francis Beeston was sent as assistant to Father Molyneux. He filled the office until 1790, about which time, in 1789, the Church of Holy Trinity, at the N. W. Corner of Spruce & 6th Sts, was built. Father Beeston continued the Missionary journeys of Father Farmer through the States of New York and New Jersey—or as it was styled at the time, "the Mission of New Caesarea." In the Registries of St. Joseph's, the Records of Rev. Francis Beeston and those of this mission, in a great measure, cease at this time, and it is probable both were transferred to Holy Trinity Church. But as Father Beeston continued to reside at the "Priests' House" —at St. Joseph's, we occasionally find him assisting his clerical brethren, by performing a marriage or a baptism. In 1787, Rev. Mr. Wm. O'Brien and Peter Helborn were for a short while assistants at St. Joseph's.

In the beginning of March, 1788, Rev. Lawrence Graessl became pastor of the Churches of St. Joseph and St. Mary, with a supervision of the mission of New Caesarea. He was born at Rumansfeldem, in Bavaria, August 18, 1753. During the six years he spent in Philadelphia, he was distinguished for piety and mildness. Bishop Carroll proposed him to Rome, as his Coadjutor, and but for his too early death, doubtless, he would have been appointed. He died, at St. Joseph's, October, 1793. Rev. Mr. Graessl's first record, written in a legible, scholarly hand reads thus :

1788.—Philad. Maji : à Rev. Laur. Graessl, tribus praemissis promulgationibus, *Adam Fox*, et *Margarita Nill*, c. c.

Testes adfuere { Antonius Seibert. / Andreas Waldrink.*

The last marriage blest by him was at Charlottensburg, September 19th, 1793.†

About this time he was succeeded by Father Leonard Neale, afterwards the second Archbishop of Baltimore. The assistants, from 1789, were Rev. Christopher V. Keating and Father Francis Anthony Fleming, a powerful controversialist, author of "The Calumnies of Verus: or, Catholics vindicated from certain old slanders lately revived; in a series of letters, published in different gazettes at Philadelphia, collected and revised by Verax, with the addition of a preface and a few notes. Philadelphia: Johnson & Justice, 1792."‡ He and Rev. Lawrence Louis Graessl died during the yellow fever epidemic in 1793, martyrs to their duty.§

Among his Marriage Records we read:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1790 | Feb. | Ab eodem *Matthæus Carey* Juvenis et *Brigida Flaharen*, ambo Catholici. |
| Ibid. | 24. | |

Testes adfuere { Laur. Graessl / Christopher V. Keating.‖

This Matthew Carey was a very distinguished citizen of Philadelphia, during the first quarter of this century, and senior member of the firm of Carey, Stewart & Co, who, in 1790, printed at Philadelphia, the first edition of the Catholic Bible; the second edition of the Bible that had appeared in America.

We also read:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1793 | April | Ab eodem Joseph Wigmore Juv. et Hannah Coty, Puella, ambo Catholici. |
| Ibid. | 4. | Testes adfuere { Hugo Green / et Jacobus Gallagher.¶ |

* Marriage Registry of St. Joseph's Church, p. 12.
† „ „ „ „ p. 57.
‡ De Courcy—p. 221.
§ „ p. 221.
‖ Marriage Registry, p. 35.
¶ „ „ p. 53.

Joseph Wigmore became quite a celebrated character about St. Joseph's. For nearly half a century he and his wife lived in a small house on the East side of the Walnut Street entrance. In 1795, he became sexton of the Church and remained the Clergyman's right-hand man, until the destruction of the old Church.

In 1794, a large number of immigrants, white and black, arrived from San Domingo with the Rev. R. Boudet, as Pastor. The Marriage Records of this gentleman are a study, seldom taking less than a page of the registry, containing a biography of the contracting parties, and written in almost Chinese hieroglyphics. In this same year we find, in the Registry, a number of Baptisms recorded in an almost unintelligible scrawl, by "L'arroque V. Pref. de sa mission de Dominicains en Guadaloupe." Also a few by a Rev. Mr. Elling, who probably accompanied the Vicar Prefect.

Before this time, the holy sacrifice was offered up, during the week, at St. Joseph's, and, on Sundays, Divine service was held at St. Mary's, the smaller Church remaining closed. But now, every Sunday morning and afternoon, it was filled with a most devout congregation of colored people, whose piety drew tears from many an eye, and whose singing, simple and stirring, filled many a heart with longing after the sweeter strains of Sion. Some of these immigrants lived to a very advanced age. One of them died a short time since at the venerable age of 107, and her weary bones were laid in Trinity Church graveyard. Alas! most of their descendants have, through neglect, been seduced by the charms of a Methodist shout, and have been lost to the Catholic Church. A very small number are among the frequent communicants of St. Joseph's.

De Courcy, page 223 of "The Catholic Church in the United States", says: "At the outset of this century, the Pennsylvania missions received a precious reinforcement in the person of Rev. Adolphus Louis de Barth, who was ap-

pointed to the mission of Lancaster, and there displayed the most admirable zeal". Rev. Mr. de Barth's real name was Adolph Louis de Barth Walback. He was brother to General Walback, U. S. A., who was buried, some years since, at Baltimore. He was born at Munster in 1774, studied at Bellay, and entered the Seminary at Strasbourg. His first baptismal record at St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, was made October the 9th, 1795, in his twenty-second year. "Nil de mortuis nisi bonum" is an excellent adage. Still, the beauty of charitable truth is never marred by the recorded presence of some light error of judgment or feeling, in a whole lifetime, which was in other respects perfectly conformable to the christian model. In this connection, since I have had most excellent opportunities of learning his disposition, and manner of acting, during the most critical period of the existence of the Church in this City, one little phase of his character I have found, that appears somewhat strange, no doubt because it is not perfectly understood. Learned, accomplished, refined with child-like piety, laborious and filled with zeal, his many good qualities were said to have been accompanied by a rather cold feeling towards the Irish. This seemed to evince itself on various occasions during his life. It led, as I will have occasion to show in the second part of these annals, to mistakes of judgment, whose consequences were not so fruitful of general good, as his otherwise whole-souled devotion to the interests of religion.

In June, 1795, Rev. Michael Ennis was added to the corps of assistants at St. Joseph's. In 1795, Rev. Matthew Carr, O. S. A., D. D., arrived in America and, in 1796, was sent to St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, as pastor of St. Mary's, which about this time began to be a separate congregation. He immediately set about building St. Augustine's Church in North Fourth Street, which was dedicated in 1799.

In 1798, a marriage took place at St. Mary's which must have caused much excitement among the fashionables of

the Capital and which shows that, at that time, Father Carr O. S. A., was Pastor of St. Mary's but not of St. Joseph's, as has been stated in an account printed in the "Catholic Universe" in 1866.

Aprilis die 10ma 1798.

Infrascriptus Pastor Ecclesiae Catholicae apud Sanctam Mariam Philadelphiae Matrimonio junxi Nobilissimum et Illustrissimum Dominum Carolum Martinez de Yrujo, filium legitimum Manuelis Martinez de Yrujo et Dominae Narcisae Tacon et Cardenas de Regno Murciae in Hispaniâ, Equitem Ordinis Regalis et insignis Caroli Tertii, Legatum Extraordinarium et Ministrum Plenipotentiarium Catholicae suae Majestatis apud Status Unitos Faederatae Americae, et nobilem puellam Mariam Teresam Sara M'Kean, filiam legitimam Amplissimi Thomae M'Kean Supremi Judicis Status Pennsylvaniae in America, et Sarae Armitage ex altera parte coram testibus infrascriptis

Tho. M'Kean. Le Chevalier d'Yrujo.
Le Chev. de Freire. Maria Teresa Sarah.
Joseph Ignat. Drave. Fr. Mattheus Carr (qui supra).

In 1797, the yellow fever again raged in Philadelphia with fearful severity. The priests were overpowered by their labors with the sick. At last, Rev. Michael Ennis and Rev. R. Boudet were both laid low with it. Father Neale and the other priests were all away on Missionary duties. The Rev. Gentlemen thought they were both to die, and were desirous of receiving the consolations of Religion. They were lying in different rooms in the attic of the house built sixty-five years before by Father Greaton. The housekeeper, a strong, buxom, young Irish maid was called, who carried Rev. Mr. Ennis into the room of Rev. Mr. Boudet. They confessed each to the other. Now the difficulty was to get the Blessed Sacrament, the dear Viaticum for the last dread journey. Honora again was summoned and ordered to take a clean towel and, going to the Church, to kneel and pray awhile, then to open the tabernacle and

bring the Ciborium to the room. At first she objected ;—good pious soul, her reverence for the sacred species was too great ;—but obedience gained the victory. They gave holy communion to each other and had the Ciborium, that little palace of palaces, placed where their dying gaze might rest upon it. Next morning Rev. Mr. Ennis carried it to the Church and Rev. R. Boudet, instead of dying, rose in a few days to bury the dead. Honora, the good housekeeper, afterwards became a lay sister among the Carmelites of Maryland.

In March, 1799, Father Leonard Neale was removed from St. Joseph's Church to become Rector of Georgetown College, D. C., and on the 7th of December, 1800, he was consecrated Bishop of Gortyna *in partibus* and Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Baltimore. He took with him from Saint Joseph's three pious ladies, the venerable Alice Lalor, Mary Neale and Maria M'Dermott,—they were afterwards joined by a widow lady of some wealth, Mrs. Sharp,—from St. Joseph's congregation. These ladies, who had gained his esteem and affection by their true humility and sincere piety, he placed in a house in Georgetown, near the College grounds, where they lived in community; and this Community was the cradle of the great and good Order of the Visitation in the United States. A venerable priest* related an amusing anecdote connected with their early history. After some time wishing to aggregate themselves to the order in Europe, they wrote to France for some of the sisters and a copy of the rules. An answer was received to the effect, that owing to the disturbed state of France, it would not be possible for any of the sisters to leave at that time. They, however, sent them a copy of the rules and by the next ship would send them a doll dressed as a nun of the order, from which they could copy and form their own garb. The good sisters were not busi-

*Father John McElroy, S. J.

ness women, so that when the ship arrived at New York, there was no invoice and the box had to be opened at the Custom House. The officers, as ignorant and prejudiced as some of their successors in our time, named it "one of the Gods the Papists worship" and kept it some time on exhibition as a proof of Romish idolatry.

Upon the departure of Father Leonard Neale, Father Matthew Carr, O. S. A., D. D. ,became pastor of St. Joseph's, as well as St. Mary's and St. Augustine's, and "Vicar General of the Arch-diocese of Baltimore, for the mission of Philadelphia," with Father John Rossiter, O. S. A., and Rev. John Bourke as assistants.

After the suppression of our Society, in 1773, some one of the former Fathers of the Society was always stationed at St. Joseph's Church, but with the departure of Rev. Leonard Neale, this state of things ceased. For thirty-four years the Church was under the care of the Augustinian, Franciscan and Dominican Fathers and the secular clergy.

With the end of the eighteenth Century, we will close the first part of this gossiping account of St. Joseph's Church. When Father Joseph Greaton built the little out-building, its congregation was forty; when Father Leonard Neale departed for other fields of labor, the number of Catholics under the charge of the Priests, residing at St. Joseph's, was between eight and nine thousand.

(*To be continued.*)

# AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MISSION OF NEW YORK AND CANADA.

About fourteen years after the happy day on which Pius VII. reestablished our least Society of Jesus, the Right Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, Bishop of Bardstown, ever on the watch for new means of promoting God's glory in his vast diocese, solicited from Very Rev. Fr. Godinot, then Provincial of France, some missionaries to gather in the rich harvest of souls that lay, already ripe for the sickle, amid the green prairies of Kentucky.

As an earnest of his eagerness to welcome the fathers, he offered his own college of St. Joseph, in Bardstown, to be placed at their disposal. But at that time our apostolic laborers were unable to meet all the demands upon their charity even in their own country; so that, although it must have gladdened the heart of our Very Rev. Father Provincial to behold a new vista unfolding itself before the reestablished Society, in that land to which the old Society, in virtue of its martyred sons, had acquired so just a right; still, not a single harvester could be spared for these distant fields of America. The bursting crops could but bow their heads in humble submission to the Master's will, and abide the predestined moment of its due accomplishment. It came sooner than could have been expected. The Almighty who, in His providence, transfers the gift of Faith from a nation that has become unworthy of the precious deposit, to one more deserving, had already turned his benignant countenance towards that portion of America, hitherto less favored than many other parts of our continent; had heard its suppliant "Rorate Cœli desuper," and

destined for these fields of the New World, many of the Apostles whom the Old World was on the point of proscribing.

The Revolutionists of 1830 were not slow in their work of proscription; and the Omnipotent made use of their very impiety to further his own merciful designs. The storm that swept over France served to waft the richly-laden vessels of benediction that rode at anchor in its but lately peaceful waters, towards other ports, and other lands. America received its share of the blessings.

The new Provincial of France, Very Rev. Fr. Druilhet, not unmindful of the application for missionaries made by Bishop Flaget, two years previous, and supposing that circumstances had remained unaltered in Bardstown, deemed it advisable, in the present state of affairs, to comply with the prelate's request. Fathers Chazelle, Ladavière and Petit, with the devoted brother Corne, were selected for this new mission; and having been kindly furnished with the means of defraying their expenses by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, they bade farewell to their friends, and their country, and sailed from Pauillac, near Bordeaux, Nov. 19th, 1830.

On the 5th of Jan., the eve of the Epiphany, the island of Guadaloupe hove in sight. Here the ship cast anchor and our fathers once more gladly trod the earth, having been almost two months at sea. The following day, Rev. Fr. Chazelle had the happiness of opening his new career by preaching, at the request of the parish priest, on Christ's manifestation to the Gentiles. But the regions to which he and his little band were to bring the good tidings of the gospel were still far distant; so they reembarked without delay. Fifteen days more on the waves brought them to New Orleans, the terminus of their journey by sea. There still remained upwards of 1600 miles of overland travel, before they could reach Kentucky; but as the season was far advanced, and the rivers closed to naviga-

tion for the season, they were forced to tarry two months in New Orleans. This delay they turned to the greater glory of God: Rev. Fr. Chazelle flew to the prison cells of some slaves condemned to death, accompanied them with words of hope and consolation to the place of execution, and then devoted himself to the work of teaching catechism to the little children. The other Fathers were likewise employed in spiritual works of mercy.

Meantime Rev. Fr. Chazelle had written to acquaint Bishop Flaget with their arrival. The letter fell as a thunderbolt on His Lordship, as well as on the priests of his diocese: for when, in 1828, the saintly prelate had found it impossible to obtain any members of the Society, for the management of his college, he had handed it over to the secular clergy. His astonishment then, at seeing the Fathers present themselves to enter upon the discharge of their anticipated duties, was equalled only by the amazement of the Fathers themselves, when they learned that these duties were already fulfilled by others who looked on them almost as intruders. The Bishop scarcely knew what answer to give to Rev. Father Chazelle's letter; still he expressed a hope of finding some work in his diocese for the missionaries; and encouraged by the prelate's reply, Fr. Chazelle set out with Fr. Petit, leaving the rest of the little colony still at New Orleans.

Had naught been consulted but the good Bishop's love for the Society, there would not have been a moment's hesitation or delay; but as matters actually stood, the saintly prelate was at a loss how to act. To send back the Fathers after they had been so ardently longed for; when, after so many dangers, they were actually on the field, and on all sides the rich harvest was waving in the breeze, as if beckoning to them not to pass by: this he could not bring himself to do, and yet it was impossible to give them now what he had before intended.

The bishop was too truly a man of God, (insignis pietatis, says the MS.) to doubt, after the first moments of surprise were over, whither he should look for light in his perplexity. The wings of prayer bore him aloft to the throne of the Mighty Counsellor; into Whose Paternal Bosom his doubts, and his troubles and his fears were poured with a filial confidence.

The more surely to obtain what he sought, he enlisted St. Ignatius in his cause, by beginning in concert with Rev. Fr. Chazelle a novena preparatory to the feast of our Holy Founder. It would indeed have been surprising, had the loving Father of all mankind turned a deaf ear to the prayers of these devoted pastors of souls, offered as they were by the hands of the soul-enamoured Ignatius. And in fact, the novena was not yet concluded, when the bishop received an unexpected and extraordinary letter from a priest of his diocese, the Rev. William Byrne, a man, for a long time, by no means friendly to the Society, and especially of late, greatly opposed to the entrance of our Fathers into Kentucky.

It would not be very difficult for us to imagine what the purport of the letter might have been, but God Almighty alone could have made it what it really was. Suffice it to say that the Rev. Mr. Byrne offered to the Fathers the College of St. Mary's which, on ground given him by the bishop, he had built, and for twelve years had been improving and beautifying. It was situated about ten miles from Bardstown, and had attached to it a farm of nearly 300 acres. No price was stipulated; no condition or restriction whatever laid upon the grant, save that Father Byrne should continue to preside over the institution in the name of our Fathers, until they would be in a condition to undertake its full management themselves.

Father Byrne's kind offer was immediately referred to Rome, but as delays were unavoidable, it was only on the 7th of July of the following year, 1832, that letters from

Most Rev. Fr. Roothan announced his definitive approval of the acceptance of St. Mary's.

The little family, less numerous than that of St. Ignatius and his first companions, seemed hardly able to meet all the wants of a college; but, as in the still smaller family of Nazareth, Jesus was one of the number: with Him, all things were possible. The Fathers accordingly entered on the discharge of their new functions with all their energy. A kind providence was watching over them, and, one by one, new laborers joined them in the vineyard they were cultivating.

The first was Fr. Fouché, born in Paris, May 9th, 1789, and, at the time of which we speak, director of the Seminary of Bardstown. The second was Fr. Evremond Harissart, born in the same city, May 19th, 1792, and likewise superior of a Seminary. They had both gone through a spiritual retreat, under Rev. Fr. Chazelle, the preceding year; and the result was but a repetition of the first victory of the Exercises, three hundred years ago. It was the same inspired book of the Exercises that was doing its work over again.

As our nascent mission could not then boast of a house of probation, the Province of Maryland, our elder sister, kindly placed at our disposal its Novitiate at Whitemarsh. Fr. Evremond was accordingly received within its friendly enclosure and began his noviceship at once. Fr. Fouché could not succeed in resigning his post in the Bardstown Seminary before September of the following year; and as our Most Rev. Fr. General had, by that time, decided that a Novitiate should be opened in Kentucky itself, under Rev. Fr. Chazelle as Master of Novices, Fr. Evremond bade adieu to Whitemarsh, and with many fond recollections of his first home lingering in his heart, joined Fr. Fouché at St. Mary's. Thus it was that the first two novices of our mission exchanged their lofty stations for the humble life of the Novitiate.

The 22nd of December, 1832, though astronomically one of those days on which the rays of the sun are most chary of their gladdening visits to our earth, was more than usually blithesome and sun-bright for our little family at St. Mary's; announcing, as it did, the arrival of three more Fathers from Europe. France had already sent her missionaries to the forests of Kentucky, and, this time, Spain, Italy and Switzerland furnished their quota. Not that the newcomers were natives of these parts of the globe, for Fr. Maguire was born in Ireland, and Fathers Gilles and Legouais in France, but they were actually laboring in these several countries, and these countries it was that made the sacrifice for the good of America.

With what heartfelt emotions Rev. Fr. Chazelle must have pressed to his bosom these brothers from the Old World, those alone who have left country, and family and home for Christ's sake can imagine. A day or two was allotted to repose after the fatigues of the journey, and then the five co-laborers entered on the regular life of the Society with all the punctuality and exactness observed in the oldest house in Europe.

The first need that made itself felt was a knowledge of the English tongue; and accordingly, all who were deficient in this respect, gave themselves up to the study of the language of the country, with incredible ardor: FF. Fouché and Evremond acting as professors of English literature to Fathers Gilles snd Legouais. So really heroic was their desire to advance in their studies, that, as we find recorded in the MS. diary of those days, it was strictly forbidden to say a single word in French; and this generous sacrifice of what is so dear to everyone, the sweet music of his native tongue, was offered, as a pleasing holocaust to Mary, during her lovely month of May.

Hitherto some of the members of our mission had never met, but on the 13th of May, 1833, those Fathers who had remained, as we have seen, at New Orleans, aiding

the good Bishop of that diocese, joined their companions in Kentucky. Thus, for the first time, "sine quidem humano", says the MS., "non autem absque divino consilio", all the FF. of the French Province, then in America, with the exception of Father de Grivel, who filled the office of Master of Novices in the Province of Maryland, met together, in their common home, to the number of eight: "cum ingenti sane omnium gaudio, et mutua gratulatione." We are fain to believe that, if the edict expelling the French language from the community had not yet been repealed, the exile was recalled from his banishment, at least for a few hours; hours so swift-footed on such an occasion.*

We have dwelt thus at length on the infancy of our mission, for the reason that there is always something sweetly attractive in tracing out the first beginnings of even the least of God's works; and because the halo of sanctity invariably encircles all pioneers on a new field of God's glory.

We have even overstepped a little the actual date, at which our sketch has now arrived, in order to display at

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* The aged Fathers of our mission divide its history into three distinct periods: the *Heroic*, or *Fabulous*, the *Pre-Historic*, and the *Historic proper*. Thus far we have been treating of the Fabulous times, slightly encroaching, however, on the era that begins to be dimly historical. The appellation given to the first period could not be more appropriate, for, the MS. diary bears testimony to facts which, in our days, seem fabulous indeed. How the students, not a hundred in number, could be boarded and taught at the annual rate of $60 each: —How turkeys were one of the cheapest articles of food to be found: twenty-five cents being sufficient to procure from any neighboring cabin a beautiful specimen already dressed, cooked and fit for the table:—How the receipts for tuition were seldom deposited in the hands of the treasurer, but driven by the farmer, into the barn-yard, in the shape of well-fed porkers, or else poured into the milk cans of the dairy.

The peculiar sort of book-keeping requisite in such circumstances, was perhaps, more complicated than ordinary Double Entry; and the disposal of the live-stock was not unfrequently the great event of the day Thus, the only item of information we find recorded for Nov. 30th, 1833, is the terse, but fearfully significant sentence! "porcis plurimis dies fatalis;" and this fatal day, was probably of no rare occurrence in the domestic economy of St. Mary's.

once all the beauties of this picture of religious peace and happiness, lest the coming storm-clouds should prevent our noticing some of its less salient, but no less charming traits. Though, in very deed, the storm-clouds themselves form the most natural feature in every picture of the Society; and a scene in which no such signs of the continued prayers of Ignatius would be visible, either actually over the landscape, or already disappearing in the distance, or but just merging from the horizon, would be but a chilling prospect to every true son of our sainted Father: the finger of God would not be there. And of the three, perhaps the scene in which the storm is just appearing, is the most consoling; for, the peaceful traits are still undisturbed, but, at the same time, the rising clouds are an earnest that our peace is not the false tranquillity of the world; that it is a peace, not enervating, but strong and holy; and one that by no means clashes with the sword Christ brought on earth.

How much soever the great ones of the earth may at times seem to favor us, it will never cease to be true, that the birthplace of the Society was the mount of Martyrs; and that not one of its many colonies has belied our first home: not a single new province or mission has been founded, but has been blessed with its share of crosses, and consequent crowns. The first token of the coming storm was the advent of that messenger from above, that true scourge of God, the cholera. This fearful epidemic had, the preceding year, (1832) visited the shores of North America and harvested its victims by thousands, filling the land with mourning and desolation; but its work was not completed, and now it was once more on our shores, to glean what had escaped it before. Its approach was sudden: the first notice of its entrance into the immediate vicinity of our Fathers, was the cry for spiritual help from a woman attacked by the terrible plague, Monday, June 2nd, 1833. This was the moment, for devoted soldiers to fly to the post of danger; a moment, which might prove the recompense of years of toil

and privation, which might be the stepping stone to a martyr's crown. Yet (with the exception of one unacquainted with the language) not a priest was in the house, save Father Byrne; all our Fathers who were wont to betake themselves every Sunday, for the exercise of their ministry, to the neighboring villages, were still at their posts. But the zealous Father Byrne, though, in his feeble state of health, he might justly have feared to be, in the present case, the victim rather than the saviour, hesitated not an instant—he was beginning on earth a triduum of charity which he was to close in heaven. He visited the dying woman assiduously on the 3rd and 4th inst., but on the 5th, the eve of Corpus Christi, he read the smile of approval on his Master's countenance; he gazed for the last time on the veiled body of his Saviour, and was then admitted to behold It face to face, to celebrate the Feast of that adorable Body in the abode of bliss. Nine hours had not elapsed between the first struggle and the crown. The Master had come suddenly, but he found his servant watching, the lamp of faith burning brightly in his hands; the garment of charity closely girt around him. The spot for his tomb was, by permission of the Bishop, chosen on the ground of the deceased that amid the very fields on which he had toiled so long and with so much energy, and which he had, with noble disinterestedness, dedicated to God's glory, he might at last rest in peace. Father Byrne was by no means an old man, but he had lived for God, and

> "Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures:
> That life is long which answers life's great end."

Rev. Fr. Chazelle had to enter immediately on the full administration of the College. His first concern was to provide for the safety of the students, but they themselves soon rendered all further measures of precaution impossible. A panic seized numbers of them, who, the very moment Fr. Byrne's obsequies were concluded, without a thought of asking leave, forsook the college precincts. Of the refugees

some passed the night in the neighboring farm-houses; others, less favored, after losing their way, were forced to lie down on the hard ground, with no shelter above them save the wide-spreading oak of the forest. Meanwhile the Fathers devoted themselves to their ministry untiringly, night and day. The calls upon their charity, whether by the plague-stricken, or those who only feared the approach of the epidemic, were so numerous, that the few laborers could scarcely respond to them all. Still, almost countless was the number of souls which this merciful visitation of the Almighty, Who loveth even while He chastiseth, gathered into the heavenly garners, and which, otherwise, would one day have been cast with the unprofitable cockle into eternal flames.

But God still demanded as a holocaust from our own number, one of the most useful of the little band—the price of Calvary's blessing on our future labors; at a moment, too, when every laborer was extending so strenuously the kingdom of God in the hearts of men: so little necessary for God's work, are even the most devoted.

The terrible devastator after carrying off two of the students who had remained, and one servant, came finally to Fr. Maguire. This zealous missionary felt that he had not long to live; he heard within him the call of death, and, piously avaricious, dreading the loss of the least particle of so precious a time, begged the assistants not to allow him to be overcome by lethargy, but to rouse him by frequent aspirations. Their task was a light one indeed—no external monitor was necessary to inflame the dying servant of God: his heart allowed no thoughts but those of heaven to enter; his lips gave passage to no words save those of eternity. Before his senses failed him, he earnestly begged that his crucifix, his rosary and his book of rules should repose upon his bosom; that as they had been the objects of his love in life, they might be his solace in death; and it was his special request that all care should be

taken, lest the Scapular of the Blessed Virgin which he had worn from infancy should by any chance be removed. An agony of excruciating intensity served to purify more and more the wedding garment of the departing soul; and as the holy religious had led a life of perfect obedience, so his last moments were the fulfilment to the letter of the recommendation of the Constitutions, (Pars VI. Cap. 4.) In morte unusquisque de societate eniti et curare debet ut in ipso Deus ac Dominus noster Jesus Christus glorificetur et proximi ædificentur. Fr. Maguire was only 33 years of age, and had been 8 years in the Society.

From the death bed of Fr. Maguire the holy viaticum was carried to the couch of Fr. L . . . . . whose recovery no one expected; whilst about the same time, Fr. Fouché, busy with the dying at the neighboring village of Loretto, was suddenly prostrated by the disease. It seemed indeed as though our little bark would never be able to weather the storm: one of the stalwart rowers had already been swept away; two more seemed about to share the same fate—and still the Divine Master slumbered. But the shadow that hung so darkly over us, was only that of the cross; the clouds that had gathered so fearfully and so threateningly around us, were of no deeper hue than those of Calvary—and Calvary had its Easter. Calvary saw the rising of its God —that God Who is ever able to inspire hope against hope.

At that very hour consolation was at hand, and though it seemed only a stray beam that had found its way between the dark masses of clouds, silvering for an instant all it met on its path to be followed next moment by a yet thicker darkness, still a long series of brighter days was not far off.

Fr. Fouché recovered after a week's illness; Fr. L . . . . , though sustaining an attack of more than 12 days, was not so soon to be called to his rest; but was to be reserved for a long life of useful toil, becoming the spiritual Father of children unto the third and fourth generation.

The Cholera had disappeared, but God's chastening rod was still upraised. The 30th of December, 1833, was a memorable day in the early history of our mission. Father Chazelle had set out on horseback that afternoon to transact some business, intending to return before nightfall; but, as frequently happened to travellers in those days, when roads were a luxury rarely met with, and when more depended on the instinct of the beast of burden than the intelligence of the rider, he lost his way in the forest, and night coming on, was forced to seek shelter in a stranger's cabin. Thus, says the pious MS., did Divine Providence spare the guardian of the house, the sight of the fearful disaster that was about to fall upon it: sweet sleep, after a day spent in fatigue for God's service, soon closing his heavy eyelids, while his flock was suffering so keenly for want of its shepherd. But the kind Master for whom he had toiled, took the place of the care-worn servant; the Great Shepherd kept watch over the fold, and no harm was to come to it but what He, in His providence, permitted.

The students had just finished their night prayers in the chapel, and were crossing the yard on their way to the dormitory, situated in an adjoining building, when, on a sudden, a huge column of flame burst forth from the very building which they were approaching. There was a moment's stand-still in utter amazement and awe. Fire! fire! were the first words that rang out from the mouth of every student, on the clear, cold air of that winter's night; and then followed the usual rushing of persons madly to and fro, according as each one thought of some cherished object that might still be snatched from the flames, or imagined some new means of stemming the burning torrent. But, no water was to be had—not even a ladder could be procured—and, especially, there was no one to direct the willing hands that were wasting their strength in efforts, unavailing because not united. And, all this time, poor Fr. Chazelle was quietly reposing, a few miles away, utterly unconscious of the dread visitor of his little home.

Some of the students' beds, and a number of books was all that was rescued from the flames: the entire building, save the four outside walls that still stood amid the wreck, had become a heap of ruins. The work of destruction was completed in half an hour; but the pang it caused was of far longer duration, and was the more deeply felt as the authors of the conflagration were, some time afterwards, discovered to be two or three unruly students, who through a motive of fiendish revenge, had coolly plotted this terrible crime.

The Fathers, however, did not murmur at this new visitation from on high; on the contrary they found matter for sincere thanksgiving in the fact that amid such confusion and danger, not a single person had been injured; and it was a sweetly consoling thought in their personal distress, that though they had lost one of their own dwellings, the house of their loving Saviour, the temple of God had been spared. In fact, when the conflagration was at its height, and it seemed evident that not a single one of the buildings could escape, the wind had suddenly veered around in another direction.

During the whole time of the fire the students had given proofs of great devotedness and bravery, and though beds had been prepared for them in an adjoining building, but few cared to retire to rest. The greater number passed a wakeful night beside the still smoking ruins, and as they stood there, peering into the dying embers, their shadows cast darkly on the crisp ground behind them, manifold were their expressions of sincere condolence with their beloved instructors. But, at the same time, they could hardly have been able entirely to curb an undercurrent of less saddening reflections concerning themselves personally; and although they would probably have been better pleased had a few more beds been spared, even at the price of all the rescued books; they must have found a boyish consolation in the thought that many a hard puzzling lesson was

deeper down in the heaps of smouldering ashes before them, than it had ever been able to penetrate into their less pervious skulls, and many a dog-eared volume was now paying in the flames the penalty of having so often racked young, innocent brains.

It was a fearful blow for poor Fr. Chazelle when the next morning at day break, he was found and informed of the dire catastrophe. He was not, however, disheartened: the man who has placed his trust in heaven, earth's shocks can not overcome.

"Though tempest frowns,
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heav'n;
To lean on Him on Whom Archangels lean!

His first act was to have recourse to the Giver of all life and strength. This done, he held a consultation, and, at its close, informed the students that the first session was at an end; that studies would be resumed towards the middle of the coming month.

That evening, the last of the old year, the community as customary in the Society, entoned the Te Deum with grateful hearts, for the blessings of the past twelvemonth; and, after litanies, presented with filial love, to the head of the house their best wishes for the coming year. Rev. Fr. Chazelle in his turn, thanked them with an overflowing heart, and with paternal kindness, exhorted all not to be depressed by their present misfortunes, but to labor strenuously and with union of wills to endow their institution, already proved by so many trials, with all possible stability, according to the measure of God's grace. It was the same vein of thought as that in which, a few days later, he wrote to Very Rev. Fr. Provincial. "Trials," said he in his letter, "must be accounted as graces, especially in the Society. As long as God will be pleased to afflict us, we are far from being unhappy, provided His crosses find us true sons of our Father, St. Ignatius."

The indomitable spirit that animated the head, actuated, likewise, all the members; and the work of repair was undertaken with ardor. Many of the students and neighbors imitated the example of the Fathers, who might be seen here collecting the scattered bricks, there hewing massive pieces of timber; or, when the building was roofed, nailing laths to the joists, and, owing, no doubt, to the inferior quality of the iron, breaking vast quantities of nails, during this their first apprenticeship in the carpenter's trade.

Where none were idle, the work must needs have rapidly progressed; and indeed, despite the asperity of the season, the very depth of winter, on the 23rd of January, the building was sufficiently repaired once more to receive the students.

Nothing of note, now disturbed the pleasant monotony of college life, previous to the 26th of July, 1834, the First Annual Commencement Day of St. Mary's College, since its full management had devolved on the Fathers. The exercises took place on a rustic stage erected under the shady trees that surrrounded the house, and comprised, among other literary productions, a tragedy, composed by Rev. Fr. Chazelle, who, says his MS. biography, was convinced that to promote the glory of God in America, and in Kentucky, he must first become a real American, and a Kentuckian. The play was entitled "Redhawk," and was designed to illustrate the ancient customs of the Indians, and the labors of the early American settlers: all turning to praise of Christianity. The bright costumes of the natives, in which the actors were arrayed, contributed not a little to the success of the drama.

Perhaps it was owing to these and other sincere tokens of love for America, exhibited by the Fathers, that a deep-rooted affection towards them gradually took the place, in the hearts of the people, of that feeling of suspicion and distrust with which they had first looked upon the members of the Society. But whatever may have given it rise,

unequivocal proof that this affection really existed, was shown by a deputation from the citizens of the neighboring village of Lebanon, who waited on Rev. Fr. Chazelle, and offered to open a subscription for rebuilding the college on a much grander scale. The Father received them most affably and thanked them sincerely, regretting that he was unable to give them, at once, a definitive answer. The question was immediately referred to Rome, and after it had been agitated for a considerable time, and recourse to earnest prayer had been had on the part of all, it was finally brought to a close in 1836, when the foundations of the new wing were laid. During the years in which the building was in process of erection, the devout annalist informs us that God, in His fatherly providence so tempered the bitter with the sweet, that although new trials came to prevent our fathers from being too much elated by prosperity, new joys succeeded lest they should be too much cast down by adversity; and this, in so loving and merciful a way, that the dark and troublous days were always outnumbered by those of sunshine and peace.

[*To be continued.*]

NOTE—It will, no doubt, interest many readers of the "Letters" to peruse a page from the earliest Catalogue of France we have been able to procure, that makes mention of "Collegium Kentuckeiense ad S. Mariam et convictus," ineunte MDCCCXXXVI.

R. P. Petrus Chazelle, V. Rector.
P. Thomas Legouais, Minister, Magister Novitiorum, Prof. Math., etc.
P. Gulielmus Murphy, Professor, etc.
P. Nicolaus Petit, Primus præfectus morum, etc.
P. Nicolaus Point, Præfectus studiorum, etc.
P. Simon Fouche, Prof. Math.; præfectus morum, etc.
P. Xaverius (Evremond) Herissart, Prof. linguæ Græcae, etc.
P. Vitalis Gilles, Præfectus Spiritualis: Professor linguae Gallicae, etc.
Philippus Corne, Ad omnia.
Philippus Ledore, Coquus.

# THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Rev. Director of the Apostleship for the U. S., residing at Woodstock, is constantly receiving numerous letters from all sections of the country, bringing with them the glad tidings of graces obtained from the bountiful Heart of Jesus in answer to the prayers of the Associates. From among the many instances which have thus been brought under his notice he has allowed us to select the following, which we present to our readers not so much because they are in themselves very extraordinary manifestations of the divine power and goodness, as because we wish to do honor in these pages to the Heart which it is our glory and our pride to serve, and to offer a feeble tribute of gratitude for the compassionate tenderness with which It has responded to our petitions. Might we not also say, or would it be thought presumption in us to suppose that the recital of such favors may, perhaps, be a source of encouragement for those whose duty it is to labor for the interests of this Adorable Heart?

The progress of the Apostleship, since its humble beginning as a private devotion in 1844, has been successful in the extreme, for to-day its records show a total of more than six millions of members. The Communities and Congregations throughout the U. S., which have been affiliated to it, may be found in the "Messenger" for January of the present year. It is a goodly list and well calculated to afford consolation to all who are truly zealous for the honor of the Sacred Heart. It shows a widely extended organization in this quarter of the New World, and, judging of other countries by what we thus know of our own, we have every

reason to hope for the speedy and perfect realization of the wishes of our divine Lord in regard to the diffusion of the spirit of prayer in these days. It is a sad thing to behold some of the most accomplished and educated men bowing down before the material world, over which God gave them dominion, and receding farther and farther from the Creator in proportion as multiplied evidences of his goodness rise up anew before them in their progress along the unexplored paths of knowledge. What is still more deplorable is their wonderful activity in spreading their doctrines. At this very moment there exists a powerful league of scientific men for the dissemination, by means of cleverly written articles, reviews, popular lectures etc., of Pantheism and Nature-Worship among all classes. Very lately the Christian world was shocked by a blasphemous attack upon the efficacy of prayer, and there cannot be a doubt that this very occurrence gave a new impulse to the exertions of those whom Jesus Christ has associated with Himself as colaborers for the interests of his Sacred Heart. Let us pray for these wandering minds and implore that the light of infinite Wisdom, shadowed forth in faintest glimmerings in events such as we subjoin below, may fall at length upon them and bring them to the knowledge of something better and nobler than the matter which engrosses them. Above all let us constantly labor and pray for a more universal establishment of that fountain of grace, the holy league of the Apostleship.

But our readers must be anxious for the extracts we have promised. We will give them verbatim as they were received, for they need no word of comment.

A Lady writes to her brother: "I have just received, a letter from a friend with an account of the beautiful death of her cousin Louis M . . . ., who was brought back to the practice of his Faith through the powerful intercession of the Apostleship of Prayer. After having returned to his duties as a Catholic, he prayed that, if it were God's holy will, *he might not recover* from his long sickness, lest he should again wander from the right path. His prayer has been heard. He lingered for months, edifying his family and friends by his patience, piety and happiness in suffering for the love of his blessed Saviour, and died at last a pure and holy death.

full of angelic resignation to God's will. His death was so consoling that, although the only surviving son of the most devoted parents and the husband of a most admirable wife, it is almost a cause of rejoicing to them.—I have told you already of the remarkable conversion, through the Apostleship, of his aged father, who is now saint-like in his piety."

A clergyman writes from New-York: "In my last letter I recommended to your prayers a Protestant gentleman, a person of intelligence and wealth He was a Free-Mason and unbaptized, and, at the time of my writing, was on the point of death This week he expressed a willingness to see a priest, was baptized this morning, and will receive Communion to-morrow."

A letter from Philadelphia contains the following: "Heartfelt thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the happy death of the father of family whose reformation has been prayed for since last March. Rather more than a month ago he was prostrated on a bed of illness, and died last week fortified by all the rites of the Church. The answer to the prayer for him has been marked and wonderful, as his case seemed altogether hopeless. It should inspire every one in sorrow or difficulty with renewed confidence."

From Winsted, Conn., comes an account of the conversion of an aged man who had lived for more than forty years in entire neglect of his religious duties. He was recommended to the prayers of the Associates, and a short time previous to his death, willingly saw a priest and received all the Sacraments with sentiments of great fervor.

Finally, a communication from Milwaukee, Wis., narrates the reception into the Church of a gentleman whose son recommended him to the mercy of the Sacred Heart some three years ago. He was a nominal Protestant, but altogether regardless of religion, and for twenty-two years had been a victim to intemperance. But a slow and weakening sickness came upon him; his thoughts were gradually directed to the salvation of his soul, and at length he asked for a priest, made a firm profession of faith, and received the sacraments of the Church with a fervor and piety most edifying to behold."

We have here given a few facts selected almost at random from among hundreds of a similar nature, which show the efficacy of the Apostleship and which ought to stimulate our zeal as well as excite our hopes. If the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, which contains in each of its numbers not only a list of recommendations for prayers, but also a catalogue of wonderful answers to the supplications of the members of the Apostleship, were extensively circulated, no doubt, the recital of these wonders would inspire thousands with new hope for themselves and they would be the means of multiplying indefinitely the graces obtained from the Sacred Heart and thus furthering good work of every kind, converting heretics and sinners, and filling heaven with the glad fruits of prayer.

# MISSIONARY LIFE.

I have often regretted that we do not know more about the nature of the popular missions given by the Fathers of the Old Society, in town and country. Undoubtedly they would be substantially the same for the members of the Society, in all times and places, namely, the Exercises of our Holy Founder; but it would be highly instructive and very interesting to be able to see how these have been varied in their application to the masses, comprising men of every age and condition. One great difference would exist in the missions as given in a Catholic country or in one like ours, comprising every shade of belief, in the presence or absence of a controversial element. It is even now a disputed point with some whether we should, on such occasions, take account of the attendance of non-Catholics. Other differences undoubtedly could be found in the ceremonies, the displays of every nature addressed to the feelings and senses, many of which highly useful in other times would be now out of taste, as out of date. It is from such considerations that I have thought proper in complying with your desire to write some papers on the missions, to commence with a detailed description of a mission as carried on by the members of the Province of Missouri. Your Journal may thus become indirectly the means of procuring an interchange of views on this powerful weapon for the conquest of souls.

We commence the missionary year in September and end in June, allowing an interval of one week between the several places, for repose and travel. Christmas and Eastertide are spent by us at home in the interchange of brotherly

offices, and in the assistance of the large parish to which the missionary house is at present attached. There are six* fathers at present engaged in the work who unite for a large mission, and separate to cultivate simultaneously other and smaller portions of the vineyard.

Towards the end of August the fathers who have been employing the interval in giving retreats to religious houses, in making their own spiritual exercises, or in necessary relaxation, find themselves once more assembled at Chicago. From the various applications made during the preceding year, a list is prepared of the separate and common missions to be given by the two or three bands into which the whole body may be divided, trunks are packed, farewells exchanged and the campaign opens.

Let us follow one of the bands to a small mission. The two missionaries have commenced the journey by the recitation of the Litanies of the B. Virgin; they arrive at their destination on Saturday. An examination of the locality, and an enquiry into the nature of the population, their spiritual wants and necessities, are the occupations of the afternoon. Trunks are to be opened, confessionals to be erected or ordered, for, singularly enough, this most important adjunct to the mission is the very thing most generally overlooked; and finally the programme to be written or printed, and then posted at the Church door. Generally it is as follows. At 5 A. M. begins the first mass followed by sermon which does not last longer than 6 o'clock, when the second missionary celebrates the divine sacrifice. This mass and sermon are for those whose avocations prevent them from being present later in the day. I have known the church full at that hour though the weather was inclement and many had to come from long distances. In no

* I do not include in this number Fr. Weninger who gives missions to the Germans and Fr. Schulak who devotes himself to the Poles and Bohemians of whom there are great numbers in our Western States.

mission as yet have we failed to persuade the people to make this daily sacrifice of their morning rest. In one of our last missions, with the thermometer at 20° below zero, the tramping of their feet on the frozen sidewalks would arouse us a half an hour before the time to which we had set our alarm clocks. At 8.30 A. M. the pastor celebrates mass, and immediately afterwards the second sermon is delivered, the attendance being about equal, sometimes a little inferior to that of the 5 o'clock mass. In the afternoon the pastor and congregation make together the way of the cross. In the evening at 7.30, the pastor recites the beads of the B. Virgin with the congregation, and then follows the principal sermon of the day succeeded by benediction of the B. Sacrament.

During this sermon, in accordance with an invitation extended for weeks together before the mission, and enforced by an announcement at every one of the exercises, the assistant missionary receives in the school-room, the parlor of the pastoral residence, or some other suitable place, those persons over sixteen years of age who have never made their first communion. I regard this as one of the greatest fruits of the mission, and decidedly the most difficult and trying of all the exercises. The average of such cases is perhaps greater than you would suppose. In one mission where there were 1100 communicants, and where the pastor was noted for his zealous care for his flock, knowing almost every one by name, and where, too, there was little or no floating population, we unearthed about 20 such cases. I should think that the general average would prove to be about 40 to every thousand communicants.

The topics treated in the morning lectures are the integrity and sincerity of confession, and instructions on the proper way of making use of that sacrament, together with catechetical and familiar explanations of the commandments. In the evening discourses we intersperse doctrinal sermons with the matter treated in the first week of the exercises. At

the high mass of the first Sunday we speak of the advantages and objects of the mission and the spirit with which the people should enter on it, trying to move the hearts of the people by appeals to the memory of their deceased parents, their own early childhood, their possibly near end. In the afternoon at vespers the same subject is continued with a more direct treatment of the necessity of attending to their salvation. In the evening we dwell upon the creation of man, and the use of creatures. On Monday evening we lecture on the doctrine and use of penance in the Catholic Church, treating the subject catechetically and controversially. On Tuesday evening the subject is the nature and enormity of mortal sin. On Wednesday we treat of the Sacrament of the Eucharist. On Thursday we speak on personal sins making, as it were, a general confession of a sinful life. On Friday the sermon is on Judgment or on Hell, or on both combined. Here also we introduce the different kind of sin, especially those more enormous crimes of the age which are beginning to corrupt even the Catholic body and to which on less solemn occasions we scarcely dare more than allude. On Saturday we have no evening sermon. On the Second Sunday we treat at high mass of devotion to the B. Virgin as taught and practised by the Church; in the afternoon on devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and in the evening upon the one, true, visible and infallible Church of Christ. Monday evening sees the close of the mission in a sermon on perseverance and the ordinary means for attaining that final grace, the avoidance of occasion of sin, prayers, weekly mass, monthly or quarterly confession. Then come the Papal Benediction, and Benediction of the B. Sacrament. We sometimes have little children prepared, nicely dressed in white, one of whom reads in the name of the congregation an act of consecration to the Mother of God. We celebrate a mass of requiem for deceased friends and relatives on Tuesday morning, at which we speak on devotion to the blessed souls in

Purgatory, and in the evening give a public Lecture on some of the current Catholic topics of the day, on some doctrinal matter or point of controversy. Every day from 2 to 3 P. M. or after the evening sermons non-Catholics are invited to come and propose their doubts. On Tuesday we commence the confessions by the children who have made their first communion and are under sixteen years of age. On Wednesday and the other days that we remain in the place we are ready from 5 A. M. to 10.30 P. M. to hear confessions. The only intermissions are for meals, a half hour after breakfast, an hour after dinner, and another hour, including supper, before the evening service. When the situation of the confessionals allows it, we continue to receive penitents during the sermons, taking a recess, however, of a quarter of an hour after two hours work, according to rule. By hard and constant work we find that two missionaries, in a week such as I have described, can, unaided, prepare one thousand for communion. For any number exceeding this they have to appeal to neighboring clergymen. The pastor has always enough to do in superintending everything and in running after delinquent sheep. The Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday are spent in resting or travelling to the next mission. Hard work you will say, and yet I have known men who were worn out in College life regain their health and strength in this treadmill of the missions. The only exhausting part of the labor is the time spent in the confessional. Let not your readers waste their pity on the missionary. He sees the good he does, he receives praise and benediction from every mouth, he is 'the holy *commissioner*', the 'saintly father'. Pray God that in preaching to others he become not himself a castaway. In the mean time the real martyr, but, at the same time the privileged soul in spiritual things, is the poor professor in the college, whom few know, and fewer still appreciate. In the next paper, if you desire another, I shall try to give some incidents of the mission life, some glimpses at its hardships, trials and consolations.

I will close with a summary of the work of two of our band, in the course of the last four months, from September to December inclusively. I do not include however one grand mission in which all six reunited to work together in a large Eastern city.

Six missions were given. There were 7,050 communions, 275 adult first communicants, about 26 or rather more marriages revalidated, and 97 non-Catholics received into the Church besides many others who were not yet sufficiently prepared and were left under instruction; we travelled about 2,600 miles without a single accident, thanks be to God and His Holy Angels.

G.

## BRAZIL.—FR. CYBEO TO THE SCHOLASTICS OF LAVAL (FRANCE).

LAGUNA, JULY 31, 1872.

Let me first give you a general idea of a Brazilian mission. The parishes here are for the most part very large, the parishioners being scattered over a considerable tract of country, some living in the midst of the forests or upon the hill-sides, others in the vast prairies. To reach the church, the people are often obliged to travel 10, 15 or even 20 leagues. It happens that quite a number of persons die without the Sacraments; but this will not surprise you much, if you bear in mind that, for the lack of priests, one is often charged with the care of two or three parishes; he visits them rarely and then only to say Mass and attend to

the Baptisms and Marriages. Poor abandoned flocks! yet they would be so docile to the voice of a pastor!—For many of these christians, the confession made during the mission is the first of their lives, and advantage must be taken of the same occasion to prepare them for their first communion, which often has to follow immediately. Remember too that it is often necessary to commence by teaching them the sign of the cross and the principal mysteries, a work not done without great difficulty, especially when we have to deal with the poor blacks whose intelligence is generally so limited. Add to these duties the Baptisms and Marriages and you will have an idea of the work devolving on two missionaries.

Every mission lasts 15 days, 3 weeks or even a month; that time alas! is often too short and many of our Christians, after waiting in vain several days, are obliged to return to their homes without going to confession or receiving Nesso-Peii (Our Father), for by this name they designate the Holy Eucharist. Is it surprising when a single parish often numbers 6000 or 8000 souls and even more? If all were here at the commencement of the mission it would not be so bad; but no! the poor and those living at a distance do not come before the last few days and then we see them huddled together by thousands, in their wagons, under their tents or wholly exposed to the inclemency of the season. It may not be uninteresting to give you some idea of the respect, not to say veneration, with which these good people regard the missionaries. The title usually given them is that of Padre Santo (Holy Father); but there are variations, such as My Lord Bishop, Your Charity, Your Paternity, Your Holiness, Your Majesty. These appellations appear strong enough, but you must reserve a part of your admiration for the title bestowed on my companion: at every hour of the day people come to ask in all simplicity and devotion for "My Creator." From this you can easily comprehend the demonstrations of which

we are the objects. On our arrival there are rejoicings and fireworks; each one wishes to salute the missionaries and offer them his little present; often they go so far as to kiss our feet. When the moment of departure comes they accompany us as far as possible, taking leave of us only with tears, which might at times be more properly called cries of despair. Still it is unhappily too true that these poor Christians after some days of grace and happiness will fall back into a sad and almost complete forgetfulness and neglect.

But now let us say a few words about the distribution of time on the mission. Rising at a very early hour we begin by performing the duties of sacristan, sound the Angelus and open the Church door; a large crowd invariably stands waiting, sometimes in the rain. We begin at once to hear confessions, charitably dividing the work, so that one hears the men, the other, the women. Towards 6 o'clock we have the first Mass after which confessions continue till the mission Mass which is celebrated at 9 o'clock. During the latter, we recite the Rosary of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors—a devotion highly esteemed in Brazil. After Mass comes the sermon, the subject of which for seven consecutive days is one of the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin. The sermon is ordinarily followed by the blessing of scapulars, medals and similar objects of devotion. Apropos of this I must give you a sample of native simplicity. It is quite common to hear these good Christians assimilate the blessing of images and statues to a baptism; they come often with charming naïvete to say: "my saint is still a pagan; won't you please baptise him?" If by accident they break a statue so baptised they are in consternation and with scrupulous care collect the fragments to preserve them or bury them in the cemetery. But to return to the exercises of the mission; after mass we take our frugal breakfast which it is necessary to despatch with haste and often in the Sacristy. Until 1 or 2 o'clock in the

afternoon we remain in the confessional, leaving it only from time to time for the purpose of giving Holy Communion. After dinner, say about 3 o'clock, the children are instructed for First Communion; it is needless to remark that a great number of them have long since reached the required age. If you wish to win the favor of all your pupils you must not fail to form them into a procession headed by cross and bells; and the sound of their joyous hymns as they pass through the streets awakens the silent echos of the neighborhood. Catechism finished, we resume confessions which are continued till the evening exercise. This begins with the Rosary, followed by hymns, an instruction on the Sacrament of Penance, hymns again, a meditation and finally Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament. The women then withdraw, but the men remain for confession till midnight at which hour the missionaries retire to take a rest of 4 or 5 hours at most. Every day of the mission is similar, and at its close without respite or repose they go to open another.

Since February we have given seven missions in succession, still under this hard regime the health is so far from suffering that it seems daily to improve. This is an evident proof of our Good Lord's protection of the poor workmen who labor for His glory, and is, besides, a powerful encouragement to throw ourselves entirely on His paternal Providence.

So far I have only spoken of the ordinary exercises of the mission; a word now about our solemnities and first of all that of the First Communion. This ceremony which is so touching and makes such a salutary, not to say indelible impression, is unhappily little known in Brazil; and it has been our endeavor by every possible means to raise it in the esteem of the people. By the help of God we have so far succeeded well enough, and more than once on seeing the children with recollected mien enter the church, taper in hand, the little girls wearing their white dresses and beauti-

ful blue sashes on which is traced in golden letters the monogram of Mary, the happy missionary would almost persuade himself that all was an illusion and that he was in reality assisting at the imposing ceremonies of Europe. The children are promptly on hand for the afternoon procession; a sodality is at the head, after which come the little ones with their banners and a considerable number of oriflambs; there is vocal and instrumental music, nor are the fireworks spared. After the procession the consecration to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph takes place. The ceremonies conclude with a distribution of First Communion souvenirs which consist of beads, medals, statues and pictures. The joyous transports of our dear little children this moment are indescribable.

A second solemnity is called the penitential procession. It generally takes place at night and all those engaged are expected as far as possible to provide themselves with a taper. The men come first, preceded by a statue representing our Lord falling under the weight of the cross, the women next, having in advance a statue of our Lady of the Seven Dolors. The procession stops not far from the entrance of the Church, at the place designed for the erection of the mission cross. All the preparations have been made beforehand, a raised pedestal awaits the cross which lies at some distance. The Sermon begins and at the words "Let the cross then be raised amongst us" it is elevated and fixed in the pedestal. Immediately the bells are rung, the sky-rockets with a thousand detonations send forth their luminous balls of flame into the darkness of the night; the bystanders weep and send up to heaven their shouts of joy, repeating without end "Glory to the cross." At this moment a Father bearing the remonstrance accompanied by the Confraternity of the Most Blessed Sacrament comes out of the Church and mounting the pedestal gives benediction to the crowd who sing with transports "En vos adoro a cada momento." Thus the ceremony is termi-

nated, but before retiring to rest every one feels bound to come and kiss the cross.

We have a commemoration of the dead which also produces a good effect, at least if we can judge by the tears that are shed.

We try also to consecrate one day of the mission to the Holy Guardian Angels, a Wednesday to St. Joseph, a Friday, particularly the 1st of the month, to the Sacred Heart, explaining and recommending these devotions which are so well calculated to preserve and insure the fruits of the mission.

We reach finally the last day; it is a solemn feast, devoted to general Communion. All, even those who have communicated during the course of the exercises, are invited to approach once again "Our Father," and the Communion is offered to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in atonement for the outrages committed against Him especially in that parish. The people are arranged in order in the Church, only enough space being left for the Fathers who distribute Holy Communion to pass through the kneeling ranks. How beautiful and consoling it is to see so many persons, especially men, approach the Holy Table, in a country where the Sacrament of Love is almost entirely unknown! This first ceremony finishes with an act of reparation to the Sacred Heart. At 11 o'clock Solemn Mass takes place followed by Papal benediction. A magnificent procession of religious confraternities, at which all possible pomp and solemnity are displayed, comes off in the afternoon. The Societies in uniform with the banners of their patrons, next the children dressed as on the day of their first Communion, precede the Blessed Sacrament, which is carried along under a canopy and followed by all the people. The procession returns towards nightfall and is terminated with a solemn Te Deum and Benediction.

There is yet another very touching ceremony which is usually postponed till the next day; it is called "Beija-maô

de Nossa Senhora" (the farewell to Our Lady). Upon an altar, adorned with flowers and brilliantly lighted, is raised the statue of our Lady of the Seven Dolors. A sermon suitable to the occasion is followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; after which the celebrant advances towards the statue, incenses it and finishes by kissing its hand. The whole congregation follows in turn, respectfully kissing the hand of the statue, happy thus to offer their homage to Mary and give her a last pledge of their love and fidelity. May this Good Mother ever keep fresh in their hearts the remembrance of this ceremony and aid her children to remain faithful to their engagements.

Such are the details I can give you of our Brazilian missions. I have done little more than narrate briefly the labors and method of Fr. Schembri for twenty years a missionary, whose disciple and unworthy colleague I have the happiness to be.

But to give some particular details :—

*Mission of Laguna*—Laguna is a rich commercial town of 10,000 inhabitants served by a single curé without an assistant. The mission, for some reason, had not been announced beforehand, so that our arrival was not marked with the usual welcome. Many greeted us from the doors and windows, but none came to meet us. At last a gentleman came up and announced himself as the curé, for in Brazil it is unhappily the established custom for priests to dress as laymen. The curé conducted us to his house, offering, with great civility, to quit it so as to leave it entirely at our disposition. To this we absolutely refused to agree, so he established himself on a sofa in his dining room, wishing us by all means to make use of his own apartment. As to the mission, he said we might open it at once and continue it for nine days ; but, as will appear, a mission of nine weeks would not have been too much for Laguna. Before starting to work we resolved to study the nature of the soil. The very next day happened to be Holy Thurs-

day, a most happy opportunity for our observations; because in Brazil, all who are practical Catholics approach the Holy Table on this day. But., can you guess how many attended the services at Laguna that day? Just seven—two men and five women. Holy Thursday and Good Friday, a sullen silence reigns in the town and not a person is at Church. What is to be done? We must be content, said Fr. Schembri, to catechise the children and prepare them for first Communion. But this is Good Friday; would it not be well to place the mission under the protection of our Lady of the Seven Dolors? How would it do to try "la desolata," the exercise in vogue in Italy on Good Friday night? We set to work at once, assisting by word and example in the preparation of Mount Calvary, arranging a cross, and statue of the Blessed Virgin thereon. It is soon noised about the city that the missionaries intend to inaugurate a new exercise. Music had not been forgotten so that the four little sermons were to be interspersed by some stanzas of the *Stabat Mater*. Night comes at last and all is ready; but, strange to say, not a person presents himself. A half hour of painful suspense slowly drags along when all at once people, both men and women, pour into the Church, which is soon filled. Fr. Schembri ascended the pulpit and preached four sermons with his own touching and persuasive eloquence. For an hour and a half he was listened to attentively—the city was won and our Lady had the victory.

The mission succeeded marvellously, and instead of nine days it lasted eighteen; the accustomed celebrations and processions were attended with much devotion. Picture to yourself a people famishing for the truths of religion and the Sacraments! The church, a very spacious one, was too small, especially for the evening exercises. All came to confession, workmen, employers, merchants, sailors; young and old sometimes remained fasting till 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in order to receive Holy Communion. Our

confessionals were of the most simple description imaginable: a grating raised on the railing in the very centre of the church and no curtains. One might imagine that the grand ladies of the upper class with their black silk dresses would not approach; but they all came, nevertheless, just as the others. The catechism is explained every morning to the boys and in the evening to the girls. At the same time with these, the College of Marines proceed to the church, making themselves remarkable by their piety and admirable bearing. The first Communion was splendid and touching, likewise the penitential procession. For the latter solemnity the Marines carried the cross, which, by a peculiar movement, they elevated in the air with incredible swiftness. The day of the religious Societies' procession, though a Monday, was observed as a holiday by the whole city. It was marked by a magnificent general Communion of men, interruption of business, closing of warehouses and general abandonment of all the vessels at port. The image of our Lady of the Seven Dolors had put off its mourning to appear vested in all the splendor of an embroidered velvet mantle, valued at about 1500 francs, exclusive of the diamonds which adorned it. Mary had opened and specially protected the mission; it was but just that she herself should terminate it amidst the grateful honors due to Her.

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I finish with some news about Brazil; our colleges of Pernambuco, Itu and St. Leopold (German) are in a prosperous condition, especially that of Itu.

The Brazilian Bishops are much harassed and attacked, more especially by the free-masons, who are recognized here as a public institution: they make no attempt to conceal their temples and lodges, and their emblematic devices are exposed in open day. Still the Episcopacy is united and defends itself with energy.—*Laval Letters.*

## CHINAMEN IN AMERICA.—FROM A LETTER OF FATHER WENINGER.

The "Coolies" have not the faintest conception of what is essentially called religion. They are absolutely ignorant of God, the true Creator and sovereign Ruler of the universe. Instead of this, they acknowledge with a kind of superstitious, diabolical worship, certain spirits or genii, whom they suppose to preside over the elements of nature, such as fire, water, earth and air — and over the several departments of social life, such as commerce, war &c.. They believe these spirits to be of a malignant nature, and try to propitiate them by a string of unmeaning prayers and foolish sacrifices.

Yet the New-York papers had spoken, in boastful terms of the grand and imposing religious ceremonial of these same Chinamen, and of their gorgeous temples, whose walls were reported to be incrusted with gold. There, it was said, the rich and the poor were on an equal footing and might worship unmolested, to the reproach and confusion of some Christian churches, in which an invidious distinction is too often made.

My curiosity to see these magnificent Pagodas ran high. "To make assurance doubly sure," I asked our friend, the Catechist, to lead me to the very finest in San Francisco; and he agreed to do so. But oh! what a disappointment! We entered a narrow, murky street; and there, fronting on that street, stood the grandest Chinese temple — a small shabby-looking three story brick building, with but one room to each story, and painted on the outside only by the soot and smoke. After crossing the threshold of the lowest

floor, we found ourselves in a shrine sacred to the memory of departed relatives. It was a dismal, dingy cell, so dark that the eye could not discern anything lying on the floor. The air was charged with the stench of burning little oil lamps, and of lavender sticks which they fancy to be particularly wholesome and grateful to the departed. Not being able to see in the dark, and not attempting it either, because I had not apprehended the need of it, I suddenly found myself, to my great surprise and to the still greater surprise of my victim, stepping on something rather softer than the common floor. It was a poor Chinese worshipper who had fallen asleep through devotion.

We now proceeded to the next story. If the first apartment was suitable for a *sleepy* worshipper, the second was no less so for a *hungry* one. A number of Chinamen were seated on the floor and addressed themselves with great *gusto* to their favorite rice. It was forsooth with the intention of honoring some spirit, that they swallowed it with so much greed!

We ascended at last to the third story, which was the temple properly so called. Here then I expected to see those walls, covered — as the New York papers would have it — with heavily gilt arabesques. What a delusion! They were only plastered over with common gold-paper. The altar, too, showed no very great signs of architectural skill; to be plain, it was simply a sort of decorated tent not unlike a wood-shed, with a table in it. On the table stood three horribly-painted idols with red faces and immensely long black beards. They looked for all the world like three drunken sailors. Before them were a number of little oil lamps, which — as I learned to my great mortification — are kept burning before the devil, whilst in but too many churches it is found impossible to keep alive the flame of a single lamp before the Holy of Holies.

Close to these lamps were urns with different kinds of *sortileges* or divining lots, used for the purpose of finding

out the future through the medium of the spirits. The Chinese also offer various sacrifices for the same end, and for the purpose of reconciling the offended spirits or of obtaining their special favors. One of these sacrifices is, at the very best, a little singular. They write the sum of money which they intend to offer to the spirit, upon a piece of gold-paper, which they burn before the idol, in the belief that, as the curling smoke ascends on high, the spirit will become possessed of the promised amount. Methought our Procurators would not be overmuch pleased, if a person offering them assistance for Colleges and Churches, should content himself with jotting down enormous figures upon paper and then burn the note as incense in their presence.

The "Coolies" also make offerings of roasted pigs, but they return after a while to see whether the idol has eaten them or not. If any body has seen fit to appropriate them during their absence—and this is no difficult matter, because often the Pagoda is not visited the whole day long—they never claim them again. But if the offering remains untouched, they take it home and feast on it with their families.

They do not divide the month into weeks as other nations do. Instead of Sunday, they observe the *first* and *fifteenth* of the lunar month; and unless they have some special reasons, they visit the temple only on these two days. Even then they do not stay in the Pagoda to pray, but turn it into a place of religious rendez-vous.

In their social intercourse with the whites, the Chinese act like civilized people. Their gait is more steady and polished than that of the lower classes among other nations. They scarcely move their arms while walking, and dress very neatly. But at home they live buried in filth, and besides being given to other disgusting practices, they feed upon rats. By the bye, some of those who have been in the country for a while, are beginning to adopt the American costume. They also tie up their sacred "pig-tail" or

cue of braided hair, because John Chinaman soon learned to his cost that when allowed to float it was not secure against profanation. It too often happened that knavish boys and grown-up roughs clipped it as he walked unsuspectingly through the streets. The appearance of all is so very similar, that they seem to have been cast in the same mould. The features of different individuals are even less distinctive than among the blacks; and, what is worse than all, very few have beards and look so much like females, that they cannot be distinguished from them except by the size; for the women are of exceedingly diminutive stature, and owing to the absurd practice—not without its counterpart among civilized nations—of keeping their feet, from childhood up, in iron shoes in order to prevent them from growing, they walk with great difficulty; in fact, they can do little more than hobble along.

It is very remarkable, how cordially the Indians of the Pacific Coast hate the Chinese. The red man looks to the "pale-faces" from Europe as to his masters and the favored children of "the great spirit." The Chinese, on the contrary, he regards as his rivals, or rather as leeches clinging to the American soil and sucking the fat of the country in order to carry it off with them to Asia. Hence the "Coolies" are greatly afraid to meet an Indian in a solitary place—and not without reason; for the Indian would not be likely to show them much mercy, but would dispatch them without ceremony to the "spirit-land".

When the Chinese have made as much money as they wish, they usually return to their own country, carrying with them the remains of their deceased kinsmen. The ships crossing the Pacific from San Francisco to China are often laden with human skeletons. This devotion to their dead is a sign that they have at least a faint idea of a future life, and that a vestige of the primitive revelation concerning the resurrection is still preserved among them. Poor people! It is a pity, that so little is done to gain them over

to our holy faith. Missionaries are sent to China, at enormous expenses at the risk of precious lives; and yet but very feeble efforts—if indeed they can be called efforts at all—are made to enlighten them whilst they are in our midst and surrounded by professed christians. One single room, which serves both for saying Mass and for instructing some children, is all that can be spared for them on the whole Pacific Coast of America. And meanwhile the fumes of the oil-lamps and smoke of lavender go on ascending in adoration of hideous idols, and prayer temples make mock of the Christian churches hard by. Yet, who will say what incalculable good might be done to this heathen population, which we are encouraging to come to our shores.

## MISSIONS IN NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA, AND IN WILMINGTON, DEL.

FREDERICK, NOVEMBER 7th, 1872.

REV. AND DEAR FR. PROVINCIAL:

The four missions in Susquehanna Co., Pa. gave the highest satisfaction to the people, the resident priests and myself. In the first two, many persons made their appearance, who were not known to be Catholics even to their nearest neighbours. Scores of them, though from 20 to 40 years of age, made their first confession.

In the first mission, the priest was completely deceived in his calculation. "If all come," he said to me, "you will have from 700 to 800." At the close of the mission about 1100 had received Holy Communion. Here we had also 74

children for first Communion ; not however during the mission, but 12 days later after the close of the second exercises ; as nearly one half of them had to learn a part of the catechism. On the day fixed, all were at hand. I myself examined every one of them and their concise answers were the best proof that parents had taken the matter in hand and showed great interest. It was a glorious day for Friendsville, the solemn administration of first Communion never having been witnessed in this Church; for Catholics are scattered over a radius of 12 miles, and children are not easily brought together. Here also about 500 persons were invested with the scapular of Mount Carmel. These country missions are, in my judgment, preferable to those in cities, chiefly if the weather is favorable. Nearly all are present about 8 o'clock in the morning and they are under the missionary's eyes till 6, P. M., whilst in cities the attendance during the day amounts to a few pious females. The impression made is also generally deeper and the fruit of the mission more lasting. At the close of our second little mission the people were exhorted to secure the services of a resident priest, by contributing towards the erection of a house for his dwelling, and in less than an hour over $2000 were obtained. Here many persons walked a distance of 16 miles to attend the exercises, and we made a clean sweep of the district.

The third and fourth missions were equally successful. We heard about 2800 confessions, of which number at least 1500 were of persons who had been absent from the Sacrament of Penance for long periods.

From Susquehanna Co. we started for Wilmington, Del. Strange to say, three missions opened here on the same day. The Paulists commenced at the Cathedral, the Redemptorists at St. Mary's, the church of the V. General, and we at St. James'. On my arrival, I paid my respects to Bp. Becker, who received me with extraordinary kind-

ness; and on the day of our departure, his kindness was, if possible, even on the increase. The mission itself was as much of a success as those in Northern Pennsylvania, perhaps even more so. Here we had all with three or four exceptions. Though the whole congregation does not amount to 500 members, all of the poorer class who work in the factories, still every morning at 5 o'clock we had over 200 at first Mass and instruction, and about 100 more at 8 o'clock; but in the evening at 7, every body was present and the Church was crowded during the entire week. On Sunday afternoon the congregation was consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. F. Denny preached on the love of God, and the whole congregation was in tears. Whether the three missions at one time were by chance or were premeditated, I know not, but the arrangement was the work of Providence. If ours had been the only one, we would not have effected the good which resulted from our labors. The confessionals would have been crowded all day long with devout females, and no chance would have offered itself to the men. As it was, we devoted all our time to those for whom the mission was intended. From the number of confessions heard, it was evident that we had some from other parishes, as they amounted to nearly 600.

I shall give more particulars when your Reverence will be with us next week.

Your devoted servant in Christ.

J. B. Emig, S. J.

# NEW CATHOLIC STATIONS IN KANSAS. FROM TWO LETTERS OF FR. PONZIGLIONE.

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Osage Mission, Neosho Co., Kansas,
July 1st, 1872.

On the last day of the past year, I started on a sick call to Independence, in Montgomery County. It was bitter cold. The prairie was covered with snow, and a strong North-easter was blowing its best. I had never been to the place; and to the inconvenience of the having to travel a rough and unknown road for more than fifty miles, was added that of a darkness almost extreme. However, by divine mercy, and despite the darkness and the long, rough way, I reached my journey's end without any very great trouble, and at 8 o'clock, P. M. found myself at Independence.

The one who had sent for me was a poor young man who, while working in a coal mine, was buried alive by the caving in of the embankment. Fortunately for him, a large rock in falling lodged just above him, thus saving him from being crushed to death: and assistance coming in time, he was found alive, though so bruised that from his waist to his feet his body was beyond all feeling of pain. Imagine how happy the poor sufferer was at seeing me with the consolations of religion which I brought! Next morning I said Mass in his room, gave him the Holy Viaticum, and administered Extreme Unction. These last sacraments filled his heart with consolation. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "truly the Mother of God has obtained this grace for me!" This poor fellow had been well educated in his young days, and though for a time he went astray, as foolish boys will do, yet the good principles which he had imbibed in his youth were

not without their influence, and, corresponding to God's grace, he sincerely repented. He has since passed away, and we hope, to a better life.

Having called upon the Catholics of Elk City and New Boston, I paid my first visit to Cedar Vale, a little town in the southwest corner of Howard Co. Some few Catholic families have settled here, but as most of them were absent when I called, I hastened on to another new Catholic settlement, only ten miles distant and situate in the south-east corner of the adjoining county of Cowley. As this little settlement owes its origin to a lot of lively Limerick lads, no one will wonder that it rejoices in the name of Garryowen. I met with much welcome and determined to give these good people an opportunity of complying with their Christian duties. On hearing this, word was immediately sent inviting all in the neighborhood to attend Mass on the following day—the Feast of the Epiphany. The eve of this Feast was a stormy one indeed. A high wind had set in upon us, which grew keener every moment, until night came on and brought with it a heavy fall of snow. There was no question of remaining out of doors, and yet the question was how to get in doors. We had to huddle together in an underground excavation used as a cellar, which had, it is true, the framework of a house above it, but unfortunately the so-called room had no ceiling, and the windows had not even sashes, much less panes. It was perfectly fearful. The wind and snow poured in upon us most generously, and in fact, we might just as well have been out in the open air, for we had no fireplace, and the whole of our comfort consisted in a little cooking stove 18 inches by 6, and a few pieces of bark to burn. There was no thought of passing the night with the neighbors, for the house which we were in was considered the best in the whole settlement; and we could not go to the woods, for we were on a high prairie and four miles from timber land. God only knows how much we suffered! But He mercifully

spared us; for, humanly speaking, all chances were against us, and we seemed to be doomed to freeze to death. Of course the night seemed ever so long; and though the morning came at last, it did not drive the storm away. The few who attended Mass did so at the risk of their life, but the fire of holy love which glowed in their hearts burned all the brighter, and more than counteracted the killing cold from without. I was surprised at the fervor with which they approached Holy Communion. Though the altar was erected close by the side of our little stove which was kept aglow during the time of Mass; yet I had to warm the Chalice several times in order that I might be able to consume the sacred species. It was only towards night that the storm subsided. We went through this second night, thank God, without much suffering.

The following day was Sunday. After Mass I started for Winfield, a little town just building on a beautiful prairie which lies along the left bank of the Walnut River, twelve miles above its confluence with the Arkansas. It is surrounded by fertile farming lands, and is at present the County Seat of Cowley. The Catholics here are few in number, but they seem to be of very good will, and almost all approached Holy Communion with much devotion. From the 9th of this month, the day on which I first celebrated Mass here, will date the foundation of a missionary Station at this place.

As soon as Mass was over I left Winfield for Douglas, which lies on the same bank of the Walnut, some fifteen miles northward. Long before sun-down I arrived at the house of a Catholic family about four miles south-east of the last named town, and having baptized the mother's darling in presence of quite a number of Protestants, who were anxious to see the novel spectacle, I retired to rest only to be awakened at midnight, myself to see a spectacle far more novel to me.

About 11 o'clock the sound of rolling wheels was heard, and in a few moments up drove three wagons filled with young men and women shouting and yelling and cursing at the top of their voices. Immediately we arose, and immediately, too, they swarmed into the house. What a sight! Doubtless you wonder who they are. Well, they are a set of ruffians who call themselves a dancing club, and they are gathering together parties for a big dance which is going on at a house some distance off. Without the least ceremony the leader of the motley band gives his orders, and as a refusal to comply with them would most likely lead to a difficulty, all hasten to do his bidding. I, being a stranger, am fortunately excused, and in a quarter of an hour I am alone with a little boy, keeping house for them while they dance. Just think of it! Though this bacchanalian club was some distance away, yet in the stillness of the night I could hear their stamping and yelling and furious hooting. In their excitement they were singing: "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die!"

While I was at this house I learned with sorrow that, since my last visit, a young man, Michael N., had been cruelly killed by a mob, or self-styled Vigilance Committee. Michael and nine others were taken and without a trial hanged to a tree on mere suspicion. The poor fellow protested, assuring them that he was innocent, but it was of no avail. Finally, seeing that all hope was gone he begged them to let him send me word in order that I might come to assist him in his last hour, but meeting with only laughter and mockery, he threw himself on his knees at the foot of the tree from which he was to be hanged, and in a loud voice recited all his prayers. When he had finished he stood up, and calling on a lady that was present (the same one in whose house I passed the night) he besought her to let his mother and myself know that he was innocent, that he was killed without having given any

offence whatsoever. Then turning to the executioner he said: "I am ready, do with me what you please." In a few moments he was a corpse. Cases of this kind are of frequent occurrence in these remote parts where municipalities are only forming, where nothing, as yet, is well organized, and where the people, on the whole, pay very little regard to law and authority.

From Douglas I started for Augusta, a little town situated at the meeting of the White Waters and the Walnut. The country around is rich and well settled, and the U. S. Land Office which is established there draws to it the commerce of several of the adjoining counties. I passed the night on Turkey Creek, where I celebrated Mass the next morning, and then left for Eldorado, the county seat of Butler. On the following day, the 12th of Jan., I offered the Holy Sacrifice for the first time in this town, after which I started on my way homeward, taking a course due east through the counties of Greenwood, Woodson, Allen, and Neosho. I arrived at the Mission on the 18th.

In the beginning of Feb., I again set out on my Western tour, and began by calling to Mass the Catholics of St. Francis Regis in Wilson Co. It was a beautiful Sunday morning, in consequence of which we had quite a large attendance; but I could not remain long with them, for I had to visit Fredonia to baptize some little children, and to give the adults an opportunity of complying with their duties; and besides, the new Catholic settlements of Neodisha and Thyre, as well as those of Chitopa and Dry Creek, stood in need of my services for the same purpose. I visited them all. During the night which I spent in Fredonia, the little town was almost destroyed by fire. The business part of it was entirely consumed, but fortunately the house in which we were to have Mass was not in the business part, so despite the fire, the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated at the appointed time. On the 12th of Feb. I returned to the Mission.

From February till April we were busy enough at home. The spring season was very sickly here, consequently we were kept going on sick calls nearly all the time; and as our good people are scattered far and wide around us it is no small matter to attend them. You may judge of the truth of this from the fact that I had, this Spring, a call to a bed-side one hundred and thirty miles away on the Canadian River. I was fortunate in finding the patient alive, for generally in calls of this kind we come too late. How can it be helped!

Our Right Rev. Bishop Coadjutor having again entrusted Marion and Sedgwick Counties to our care, I left the Mission on the 9th of April to visit them, and following the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe railroad I arrived at Newton, one hundred and eighty five miles west of Atchison. Newton may be called the "City of the Desert." It is situated on an extensive sandy prairie six miles from any woodland whatever, and anything like fuel must come from a distance of more than one hundred miles. Water is not always to be had, for in some seasons the whole country is perfectly dry, and the only way to obviate the inconvenience is by digging cisterns of immense capacity. However, despite all this, the town is daily increasing, and business is very brisk; for a line of railway from this place to Ouichita, at the confluence of the Little and Great Arkansas brings in a great deal of trade. Many Catholics are settling in this neighborhood, and I hope, ere long, to establish here a good missionary Station.

After visiting a German Settlement in Montgomery Co., where I celebrated Mass and baptized some children, I went down to Parker, in the same County. The citizens of this place have built a nice frame church, 30 by 50, with money collected almost exclusively from Protestants, almost all of whom are very favorable to Catholics. This good disposition on their part is quite common, for experience has taught them that wherever Catholics settle and build a

church, no matter how poor a shanty it may be, business will flourish. On the 5th, of May I dedicated this little church to the most Holy Name of Jesus, and on the following day returned home in order to give Father Colleton a chance to visit his missions on the railroad.

DEC. 31st, 1872.

I passed the warmest days of last summer, West of the 96th meridian, about 150 miles distant from this mission. That country is no longer a desert; for except in some localities, you everywhere meet with the industrious and patient settler trying to make himself a home.

I visited different stations on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. Road, seeing to the building of two small churches—one in Marion Centre, Marion Co., the other in Ouichita, Sedgwick Co. I also established two missionary Stations—one in Sedgwick City, the other in Hutchinson, Reno Co. The settlers everywhere received me kindly, and I found them all eager to attend to their Christian duties. Generally speaking, these people are pious and well disposed. Many are very poor, and most of them live in shanties or barracks, while some, unable to find either planks or logs, dig for themselves habitations in the ground, and cover them over with sods.

. . . A child of an Arapahoe half-breed woman was dying this summer in Ouichita. The mother, a most devout Catholic, was perfectly resigned to make a sacrifice of her little boy, yet she was very much distressed because he had for many hours been in a state of unconsciousness, and seemed to be doomed to die without giving her the look of love and the smile of tenderness for which her maternal heart longed. Full of faith, however, she prayed for awhile, then, taking some holy water, she sprinkled it upon the child's face, whereupon the little fellow opened his eyes, and recognizing his mother, caressed her for the last time. This little circumstance was

noticed by some Protestants who were present and it made them acknowledge that the prayers of Catholics avail much.

Such facts as this are consoling, and give courage to the Missionary. But this is only one side of the picture, and as every picture has its shades, so ours have theirs, and very dark ones too. Though some of our Catholics are very fervent, still, others are deplorably negligent; and the spirit of indifferentism, so widely spread over this country, is heart-rending. Unfortunately, morality is frequently a *desideratum* in many of our new towns, and no wonder, for the full measure of iniquity seems to pour in upon us from the oldest and most substantial cities of this great continent. To give you an idea of this, I shall simply state what I was told while in Newton last summer, that of the thirty-six persons buried in that place, only one had died a natural death. Such is the field which we are working.

. . . On the 8th of Sept., I said Mass for the first time in the beautiful little town of Augusta, in Butler Co. As it was a novelty for them, there was a good attendance both of Catholics and Protestants. I placed this station under the patronage of the Immaculate Virgin whose Nativity we that day celebrated, and then started for Howard City, passing through Douglas, Winfield and New Boston. I stopped for a short time at the source of Silver Creek in order to give some Catholic families an opportunity of approaching the sacraments. After promising the Catholics of Howard City, some of whom were strangers to me, that I would return as soon as practicable, I started on the 17th of Sept. for home.

. . . I soon left again for the far West. On this occasion I visited the Counties of Montgomery, Howard, Cowley, Sedgwick, Butler, and Greenwood, and as the people had been notified beforehand, I found them all ready to come to their duties. . . . . .

# A VISIT TO THE KOOTENAIS. EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF FR. U. GRASSI TO FR. VALENTE.

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Attanam, Jakima Co., Wash. Ter.
Dec. 14th, 1872.

. . . . . Towards the end of October a clerk of the Hudson Bay Company told me he was going to the Middle Kootenais. I offered to keep him company; he gladly accepted, and we started without further ado.

On arriving at Michel's Camp I found but a few lodges, for I had visited them in August, and they were not expecting from me a second visit that year. I remained with them three days, then the clerk was ready to return. The morning of the fourth day I gathered them for prayer and told them how much I yearned to see the other farther tribe, that had I found amongst them, last August, more readiness in furnishing me with what help I needed, I would have gone over to them; but as it was I had to put it off, and mean time who would answer for those of them that would die without baptism. I said that I was ready to play the part of the good Samaritan with them, but I could not. I spoke at some length in this strain; they listened to me with astonishment and confusion; there was a dead silence the whole time. Having said the conclusion prayer, I was going to leave the lodge, when one took me by the hem of my cassock saying in a low voice: "please wait a while."

I sat down and he began: "We never thought we had been in your way hindering you from going to visit the other tribe and now we are ready to make up for it if we did hinder you last August." "But now," I answered, "it is too late in the season." Half a foot of snow had fallen the

previous night for the first time. "Don't fear this snow," interposed a second, "it will go away again." "I will give you a horse," said a third, "and as to provisions, there will be no difficulty." I saw that they were in earnest, and their earnestness almost troubled me, for I did not know how far I would have to go, how long it would take me, and consequently I was calculating my chances of getting back before winter—chances, which appeared to me rather slim. I made a last objection, "But now" I said, "they do not know I am coming to them, consequently I will not find them, for they are scattered for their winter hunt." "If you hurry up," answered the first speaker, "you may find them gathered together, for they wait for the Hudson Bay Company train which passes by them previous to their scattering for the winter hunt." I thought to myself: there is no evading the trip: so I mustered up courage and told them that I was ready for the journey. I left the lodge to tell the clerk of the Bay Company that I would have to go further. He remonstrated against it as an imprudence, but my mind was made up, and I returned to my Indians. I found not one but two *Azarias* ready for a long march: a goodly package of provisions was behind the saddle of each horse for my Indian guides: and my own saddle was already girded on a splendid roadster. I mounted with an ardent heart and started.

On the third day I met the Hudson Bay train; and the apprehension of not finding the Indians (for we had still to travel a day and a half), somewhat troubled me. We hastened on, and arrived. From the summit of the hill we saw the place where the Indians had been, but they were no more. One single family remained, and they were about to start; the children already on horseback, and man and wife finishing what little more packing up there was to be done. Oh, how glad I was to have arrived just in time! My Indians hallooed, and one ran ahead to stop them. When I arrived they had already unpacked and put up a

lodge, where I entered. Directly the man went in search of his hunting companions. We had reached the place in the afternoon, and by evening some twelve lodges had come back; in the night they kept arriving, and I awoke in the morning to see the whole camp gathered together, with the exception of one lodge that had started first, and which now could not be found. Dear Father, what a joy I felt that morning on seeing the overflow of joy depicted on the faces of those poor Indians!

The children up to the age of 20 years had never seen a Black-gown. Rev. Fr. De Smet had gone that way more than 20 years previous to my visit, but they told me that since that time no Black-gown had ever visited their settlement. I fancied I should have to show them how to make the sign of the cross when I would see them first; but I was mistaken. When I said the prayers they followed me in such a manner that I could well understand that their tongue was by no means inexperienced in those words. They knew besides the principal points of our holy faith, so that after three days I had the happiness of baptizing about 260 adults, and blessing 40 marriages. But my stay was to be short, and though they earnestly entreated me to remain a little longer, I could not. After pointing out a place where they should build a chapel, and promising that if God spared me I would visit them next year, I started.

I kept my word, and next year I went to visit them. They had built the chapel—a nice log chapel—where we could more conveniently go through our religious exercises. On my return all Michel's camp had rallied, and they were anxiously waiting for me in order that they might approach the sacraments. I heard confessions in the chapel. After all had come, I saw a man approaching with slow and feeble steps. He had four or five days before fired on a bear and only wounded him. Being unable to escape, he abandoned himself a despondent prey to the brute. His face was all disfigured—his nose and cheeks completely eaten

away and his scalp so torn from his skull as to leave great gashes. His body, too, had been stripped of much of its flesh, and he was left all bloody and mangled. When other Indians came up to him, they thought he was dead ; but on seeing their mistake, they carried him to his lodge and bandaged him all over : four or five days after, having heard of my return, he had himself dragged to the camp, and after a short rest came in for confession.

On the same occasion, I witnessed another instance of the astonishing *toughness* of Indian flesh. It was of a young man who on the Buffalo hunt had been surprised by the Black-feet, scalped and left for dead. After some time he got up and managed to go towards his people, who were camped not far away : within a few days he got entirely well. Instead of a scalp, he put on his head a piece of white cotton cloth, and so he goes fishing and hunting as well as ever. But it is not the toughness of the flesh, which they have in common with all other Indians, that astonished me in these. What struck me most is their virtuous feature. Often I had not in adults matter for absolution. And if their morality endears them to God and his missionaries, the whites too have good reason to praise them highly, for their honesty has become proverbial. When I arrived amongst them the first time, I found an Indian in the Hudson Bay store, in the absence of the clerk, and on my showing surprise at it afterwards, the clerk answered me that they are perfectly trusty. Americans told me that they left here and there handkerchiefs, pieces of tobacco, a pocket-knife, or such other trifle to have an experimental knowlege of their honesty, and never had anything been missed. Once three youths found a purse of gold dust at a place where Americans had camped the previous night, and brought it to Michel, the Chief, who immediately sent them after the Americans. On overtaking them, after proper questioning they instantly handed the purse to its owner, and on the Americans wishing to compensate them,

they declined to accept anything, for Michel had enjoined them to receive no reward.

Many whites may find in them, you see, instances of virtue worthy of imitation.

After a week's residence among them, I started, promising that either myself or another missionary would henceforward visit them yearly.

Yours truly,

U. Grassi, S. J.

## CHINA—NANKIN MISSION.
## FR. PFISTER TO FR. VALENTE.

CHANG-HAI, JUNE AND SEPT., 1872.

I have completed a catalogue of all of "Ours" who have come to China from the time of St. Francis Xavier until the Suppression, giving, besides the name, a short notice of each one, or a list of works which he has written. I am also working on a set of geographical charts of the Province of Kiang-Nan; there will be twenty-six of them, one for each prefecture.

At present we are left undisturbed here in China. This does not exempt us from local difficulties and vexations, which, however, do not retard our work, so that, thanks be to God, we are making progress. Our works are beginning to assume an appearance of solidity. The Carmelite Convent is established on a firm footing. The first Chinese postulants have been received into the novitiate—all, however, for the white veil, as the nuns deem it proper to make some delay before receiving postulants for the choir. The "Religieuses Auxiliatrices" are succeeding admirably in

forming young females, called here "good virgins," for teaching schools, administering baptism, and giving instructions to females, etc. The progress on all sides is evident, our schools are becoming more developed—our old Christians are better instructed and hence practise their religious duties more exactly.

The liberty that we enjoy has encouraged us to build a number of new churches, and to restore several that were built by Fathers of the old Society. On the summit of a little hill, some seven or eight leagues from this place, we have finished a spacious and beautiful church which is dedicated to "Our Lady of Good Help," in order to thank our dear Mother for her unceasing protection over us. It is already quite a pilgrimage, and the numerous miraculous cures and other favors obtained seem to indicate that our Lady is pleased with the homage paid to her in this new shrine. We have good hopes that it will become much frequented, and bring down from heaven abundant benedictions on this arid and thorny waste of paganism.

We have opened a school for the daughters of Europeans residing in Chang-Hai; and Father De Prévoisin never allows a month to pass by without leading back, at least one of the Protestant pupils to the good old faith of her ancestors.

So much for Chang-Hai and its environs. I say nothing of the Scholasticate except that it has been removed to Zi-ka-wei on account of a severe sickness which had broken out among the scholastics at Tong-ka-tou.

At some distance from us Fathers Pouplard and Royer are laboring in the midst of consolations. The former has baptized during the present year no fewer than 600 adults and 2000 children—all pagans. Yet there are many difficulties with which they have to struggle. They are in a district where catechumens are numerous, but where, at the same time quarrels are very frequent. There is a petty war continually going on, now for one reason, and now for

another. Father Pouplard has a special gift for treating such cases, and obtaining justice for the wronged party; his stately carriage, his large expressive eyes, his long beard, his ready and ardent speech contribute not a little, after the grace of God, to his success. Father Royer is the very man for the catechumens; he is everywhere establishing new institutions, and yet he is continually bewailing his poverty. If you have five thousand dollars to give him he can find immediate use for them in fifteen or twenty new centres which are in want of everything.

In Nankin, Fr. Couvreur is engaged in opening a preparatory seminary (inchoatum). Father Colombel is charged with the meteorologic and magnetic observations, at which he has relieved me. Father Heude continues attached to the famous and flourishing Academy of the natural sciences in Kiang-nan. Father Ravary, abandoning himself to his zeal, travels backward and forward through the whole of Ning-koue-fou, where a remarkable movement towards the Catholic religion has been going on during the last eight months. Father Ravary conjectures that there are between 50.000 and 80.000 persons engaged in this movement. We have received deputations composed respectively of 10, 20, 50 and 70 heads of families, who came to invite our Fathers to reside among them, and one of these deputations, which assembled at Sia-Hen (the centre of one section), on the last feast of the Assumption, numbered no fewer than 400 or 500 persons. In return for the Fathers they offer land for the building of churches and schools. Notwithstanding this favorable aspect of things there is some room for disquiet. We know by experience that in China such movements are always actuated by motives of policy or even by other motives still less admissible; so that we find it necessary to take the most minute precautions and to act with the strictest reserve lest we ourselves or our holy religion should be in any way compromised. The number of catechumens in Father Ravary's district at present is

very great. In the month of June they numbered 3500; today it would be impossible to enumerate them. The majority of them are steadfast and determined, and have fewer difficulties to overcome than they would have to encounter elsewhere; for there the "Men of Letters" throw no obstacles in the way, as indeed there are none left to do so. The population is composed of immigrants from other provinces, brought thither by the Mandarins to repeople the land formerly devastated by the rebels. The destruction caused by them is almost incredible; there are entire villages in which there is not a single house standing, not a single inhabitant surviving. All the pagodas, and with them of course the bonzes, have disappeared; thus freeing us from another source of opposition; and besides, though the land is extremely fertile, the people are very poor as yet, which fact makes their conversion all the more easy.

At Ngan-kin, Father Seckinger has to fight his way step by step. He is, however, well established there. He devotes himself especially to the suburbs. In his district, religious movements have been going on likewise, but unfortunately they are actuated by the same human motives as in Ning-koue-fou. Father Seckinger was forced to send away one half of his catechumens who had disgraced the name of religion by the acts of robbery, extortion and plunder which they perpetrated against their pagan neighbors; and his conduct in doing so has contributed not a little towards repairing the honor of the Faith and restoring the authority of the missionaries. At Kien-se, the theatre of the persecution of two years ago, he has established several new centres of Christianity.

The new French Minister to Pekin has arrived. We hope that the present revision of the treaties will bring about some solid guarantee for the safety of strangers in China, and will ensure freedom of religious profession. China is at present hedged in by difficulties on every side, so that it must, in spite of itself, submit to European influ-

ence. "Et habitabit Japhet in tabernaculis Sem." It is our duty to turn to our profit all possible means for the salvation of souls; assist us I beseech you with your prayers.

I remain your devoted brother in the SS. HH. of Jesus and Mary,

A. Pfister, S. J.

## DE STATU CAUSARUM SERVORUM DEI, SOC. JESU.

1. Proxime ad Canonizationem sunt Causae B. B. Petri Claver, Joannis Berchmans, et Alfonsi Rodriguez. Jam confecti sunt Processus Apostolici super novis miraculis in Belgio, in Hispania et in America Septentrionali. Ideoque statim ac probata fuerint eorumdem miracula, procedi poterit ad Canonizationem.

2. Ad Beatificationem prae ceteris proximior est Causa V. Rodulphi Aquavivae et aliorum quatuor MM.—Deest enim una tantum Congregatio, qua declaretur, procedi posse ad Beatificationem cum iis signis, seu miraculis, quae proposita sunt.

3. Post hanc venit immediate Causa V. Bernardini Realini.—Desunt tantum duae Congregationes pro approbatione miraculorum.

4. Circa virtutes in gradu heroico pendet Causa V. Antonii Baldinucci. Deest ultima Congregatio, proxime habenda, super iisdem virtutibus.

5. Pariter una tantum Congregatio desideratur ad absolvendum ac dirimendum dubium de virtutibus in Causa V. Roberti Bellarmini Card. et Episc.

6. Agitantur praeterea in S. R. C., Causae sequentes: VV. MM. Cassoviensium, Marci Crisini Canonici Strigoniensis, et PP. Melchioris Grodzecii, et P. Pongratz S. J.—Agendum est in tribus Congregationibus de Martyrio et de signis.

V. P. Juliani Maunoir.—Agendum est de introductione Causae.

V. P. Emanuelis Padial.—Agendum est de virtutibus in gradu heroico.

7. Die 16 mensis Octobris 1872, hora 10. matutina, coram Illustrissimo Archiep. Parisiensi inchoatus est Processus super Martyrio quinque Patrum S. J. ab impiis in odium Religionis necatorum.

Atque hae sunt Causae, quae in praesenti aguntur.

## CURRENT ITEMS.

*Alexandria, Va.*—When failing health obliged the late Father Kroes to relinquish, a few weeks before his death, the care of the congregation of St. Mary's Church in this city, Father O'Kane was appointed to succeed him. The new pastor has laid a good foundation for his future work in the ministry by securing to his flock the blessing of a Spiritual Retreat. The exercises were conducted by Father Glackmeyer of New York, and the result left nothing wanting to satisfy the desires of the new pastor.

We hear with gratification that the members of St. Mary's congregation intend erecting in the Church grounds a suitable monument to the zealous pastor who served them so faithfully and so long. This monument to Father Kroes will stand as companion piece of the beautiful memorial to Father Blox erected by this same grateful people, to whom that good Father devoted many years of his fruitful life.

*Philadelphia.*—The interior of St. Joseph's Church in this city has been thoroughly renovated, and with its newly frescoed walls and rich paintings, presents the appearance of a new church. Commerce has encroached greatly on the territory of the parish, and many former members of the congregation have been forced to seek homes in distant portions of the city. Nevertheless the work in the confessional is in no way diminished, and as shown in the extract from a private letter which we subjoin, the fruits and consolations of their holy ministry are abundantly granted the Fathers of the old Church.

"We have much consolation in the great number of conversions from Protestantism, and in the very extraordinay returns to God after years of neglect; seven, ten, fifteen, yes forty, fifty years without confession, and back they come, thanks be to God. To-morrow, if able, I have to see three persons, two women and a man, born of Catholic parents, made their First Communion, began to associate with Protestants, left the Church, and now in their last sickness after twenty, forty and forty-six years neglect wish to come back to the Mother they deserted.—I perform the funeral services to-morrow over a young man, whom I baptized last Monday evening. He could not recollect that his father or mother ever told him there was a God; had no remembrance of having been inside a church; was a printer by trade, and had met with the prayer, *Mother of God pray for a sinner*, which he frequently repeated during the last ten years of his life. In Cunningham's window had seen my portrait with

my name underneath. When he was dying, the doctor asked him if he would have a parson; he answered: "Yes, parson J . . . . . ." I hurried round, instructed him as much as the circumstances would allow, and baptized him. I attribute this and similar conversions to the consecration of our congregations to the Sacred Heart of our divine Lord."

Of the mission that closed in St. Joseph's Church on Palm Sunday, one of the fathers who conducted it writes:

"God blessed our labors in a most wonderful manner. The crowds from early morning till late at night were immense. Not only the Church, through the pews, aisles and galleries, was one living mass of human beings, but the sacristy and all avenues leading to the Church were crowded. There was no abatement of fervor throughout the week. The confessional kept all busy until a late hour every night, and amongst the people a real enthusiasm prevailed."

D. O. M.

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